CRIMEFIGHTERS

NO. 3 AUGUST

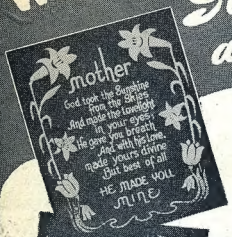
10¢

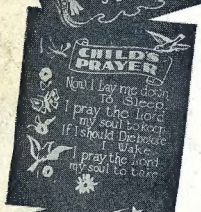
CITY BANK
THIS IS IT, BOYS! ...READY!
READY, CHIEF!
LET 'EM COME AND GET IT!
I'LL SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE, CHUM--GIMME THOSE KEYS-I'LL OPEN IT!
TRY THIS FOR SIZE!

THE NINE WHO WERE DOOMED!

DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes




A CHILD'S PRAYER
Now I Lay me down
To Sleep
I pray the Lord
my soul to keep
If I should Die before I Wake
I pray the Lord
my soul to take

WRITE FOR COMPLETE DETAILS TO

SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP $2.50

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP $3.00

IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP $4.00

REMEMBER: No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

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"The NINE WHO WERE DOOMED!"

NO! NO! YOU'VE COME BACK TO HAUNT ME! BUT YOU'RE DEAD— ALL OF YOU! HAVEN'T THEY DONE ENOUGH TO ME ALREADY? GO AWAY! GO AWAY AND LEAVE ME IN PEACE!
THIS STORY IS TRUE!*

FROM THE SECRET ARCHIVES OF CRIME COMES THIS ASTOUNDING TRUE STORY OF LIFE, DEATH AND SURVIVAL! IT IS SO FAR OFF THE BEATEN PATH OF THE ORDINARY IN ITS STUDY OF THE WORKINGS OF A FEAR-DRIVEN MIND THAT—

IT HAD TO BE TOLD!

YOU ARE THE JUDGE—AND THE JURY! HERE ARE ALL THE AMAZING FACTS IN THIS POWERFUL AND UNCANNY REVELATION OF NINE MEN AND WOMEN WHO FACED A FATE AS NONE HAD BEFORE! YOU DECIDE... WAS ALEXANDER HOLMES GUILTY OF MURDER, OR...?

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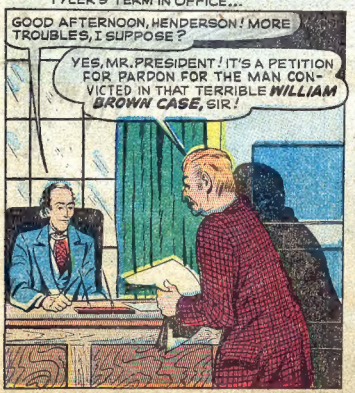
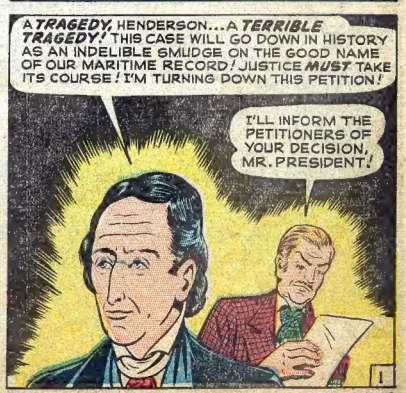
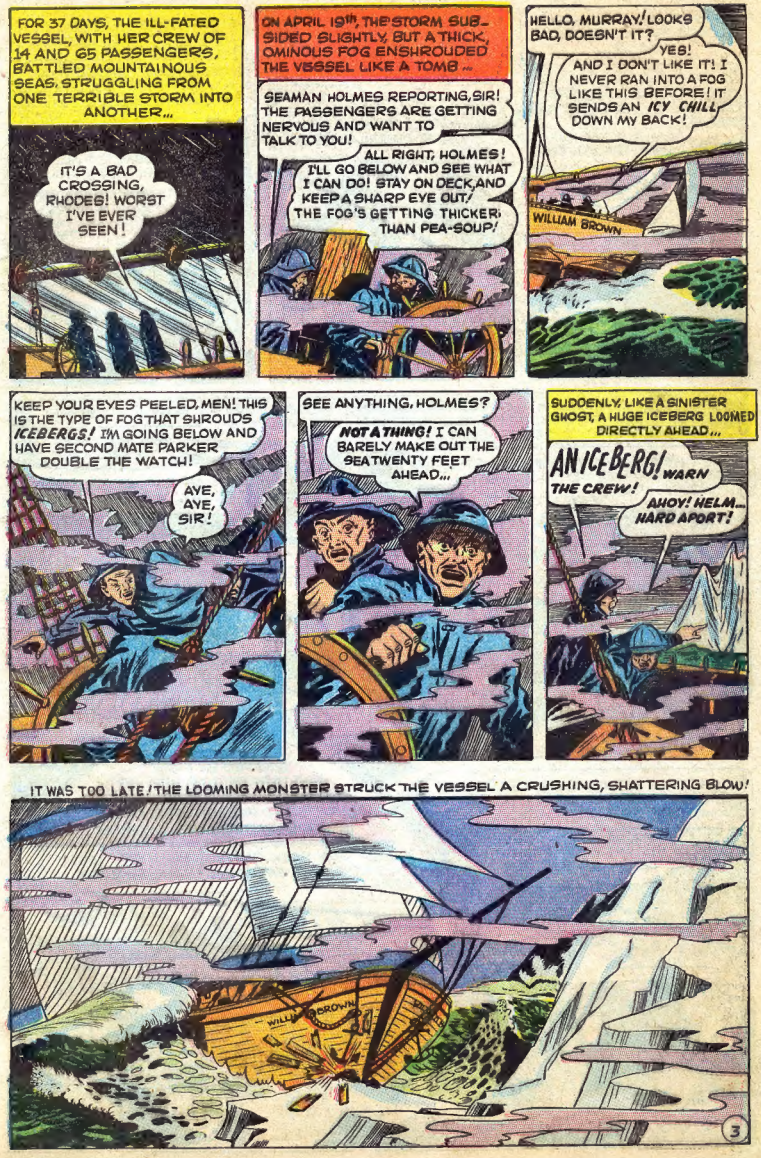
IN THE WHITE HOUSE... 1842, DURING PRESIDENT TYLER'S TERM IN OFFICE...


GOOD AFTERNOON, HENDERSON! MORE TROUBLES, I SUPPOSE?
YES, MR. PRESIDENT! IT'S A PETITION FOR PARDON FOR THE MAN CONVICTED IN THAT TERRIBLE WILLIAM BROWN CASE, SIR!


A TRAGEDY, HENDERSON... A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY! THIS CASE WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY AS AN INDELIBLE SMUDGE ON THE GOOD NAME OF OUR MARITIME RECORD! JUSTICE MUST TAKE ITS COURSE! I'M TURNING DOWN THIS PETITION!
I'LL INFORM THE PETITIONERS OF YOUR DECISION, MR. PRESIDENT!
1

* THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE INNOCENT PERSONS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS IN ORDER TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY.

IN A LONELY CELL IN PHILADELPHIA, THE CONVICTED SEAMAN, ALEXANDER WILLIAM HOLMES, ANXIOUSLY AWAITED WORD OF THE PRESIDENT'S DECISION!
GUARD... GUARD! I CAN'T STAND THIS ANY LONGER! FOR MERCY'S SAKE, HAS ANY WORD COME YET?
NOT YET, HOLMES! YOU'LL HAVE TO BE PATIENT!
TIME... TIME... HOURS... DAYS... WEEKS... MONTHS... YEARS! OH, HEAVEN HELP ME FOR WHAT I'VE DONE!
IN ABJECT DESPAIR AND DESPERATION, THE CONVICTED MAN STARED OUT TOWARD THE SEA! THE SAME SEA THAT WRECKED HIS LIFE! THE SAME SEA THAT TOOK THE LIVES OF THE PEOPLE FOR WHOSE DEATH HE MUST THEN PAY!
I CAN'T LIVE WITH THAT MEMORY TORTURING ME DAY AND NIGHT! EVERY TERRIBLE SECOND HAUNTS ME!... WHY CAN'T I FORGET? WHY MUST I REMEMBER AS VIVIDLY AS THOUGH IT WERE HAPPENING AGAIN?
HE COULD REMEMBER CLEARLY THAT NIGHT IN LIVERPOOL, WHEN IT ALL STARTED!
LET'S SHOVE OFF, HOLMES! THE SKIPPER WANTS US ALL BACK BEFORE SAILING TIME TO CHECK THE CARGO!
YOU KNOW I'VE GOT A STRANGE FEELING WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A BAD VOYAGE! I'VE NEVER FELT THIS WAY BEFORE!
I DON'T LIKE IT, MURRAY! SIXTY-FIVE IMMIGRANTS IN STEERAGE AND A HOLD FULL OF CARGO! IT'S TOO MUCH!
SNAP OUT OF IT, HOLMES! YOU'RE GIVING ME THE CREEPS!
LOOK OUT! A BLACK CAT, MURRAY!
WHA...? WHAT'S EATIN' YOU TONIGHT? YOU'VE NEVER ACTED THIS WAY BEFORE!
AND THAT NIGHT, MARCH 13, 1841, THE ILL-FATED 'WILLIAM BROWN' SLIPPED QUIETLY OUT OF HARBOR TO PHILADELPHIA!
2
FATE AND DEATH WERE AT THE HELM, FOR THE 'WILLIAM BROWN' WAS A SHIP OF DOOM!

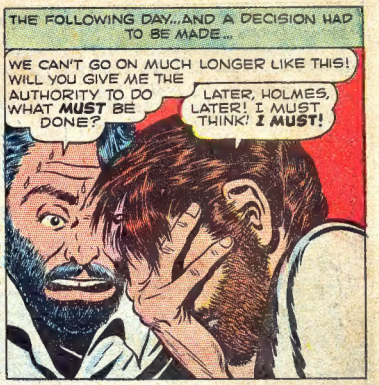

FOR 37 DAYS, THE ILL-FATED VESSEL, WITH HER CREW OF 14 AND 65 PASSENGERS, BATTLED MOUNTAINOUS SEAS, STRUGGLING FROM ONE TERRIBLE STORM INTO ANOTHER...
IT'S A BAD CROSSING, RHODES! WORST I'VE EVER SEEN!
ON APRIL 19TH, THE STORM SUBSIDED SLIGHTLY, BUT A THICK, OMINOUS FOG ENSHROUDED THE VESSEL LIKE A TOMB...
SEAMAN HOLMES REPORTING, SIR! THE PASSENGERS ARE GETTING NERVOUS AND WANT TO TALK TO YOU!
ALL RIGHT, HOLMES! I'LL GO BELOW AND SEE WHAT I CAN DO! STAY ON DECK AND KEEP A SHARP EYE OUT! THE FOG'S GETTING THICKER THAN PEA-SOUP!
HELLO, MURRAY! LOOKS BAD, DOESN'T IT?
YES! AND I DON'T LIKE IT! I NEVER RAN INTO A FOG LIKE THIS BEFORE! IT SENDS AN ICY CHILL DOWN MY BACK!
WILLIAM BROWN
KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, MEN! THIS IS THE TYPE OF FOG THAT SHROUDS ICEBERGS! I'M GOING BELOW AND HAVE SECOND MATE PARKER DOUBLE THE WATCH!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
SEE ANYTHING, HOLMES?
NOT A THING! I CAN BARELY MAKE OUT THE SEA TWENTY FEET AHEAD...
SUDDENLY, LIKE A SINISTER GHOST, A HUGE ICEBERG LOOMED DIRECTLY AHEAD...
AN ICEBERG! WARN THE CREW!
AHOY! HELM... HARD APORT!
IT WAS TOO LATE! THE LOOMING MONSTER STRUCK THE VESSEL A CRUSHING, SHATTERING BLOW!
WILLIAM BROWN
3

PANDEMONIUM BROKE LOOSE ON THE STRICKEN VESSEL...
RHODES, GET BELOW, AND CHECK THE DAMAGE! MAN THE PUMPS... WE'RE SHIPPING WATER!
AYE, AYE, SIR! HOW ABOUT THE PASSENGERS?
NO USE GOING BELOW, SIR! THE STARBOARD BOW IS STOVED IN, BAD! WE'RE SHIPPING WATER THROUGH A SIX-FOOT HOLE!
WH...?
ASSIGN A MAN TO THIS WHEEL! LET'S GO BELOW AND CHECK, RHODES!
BELOW DECKS, A RAGING TORRENT RUSHED THROUGH THE GAPING HOLE...
WE'RE DOOMED, RHODES! NO POWER ON EARTH COULD MEND THAT GAPING HOLE!
I'LL ORDER THE LIFEBOATS MANNED, SIR! I'M AFRAID WE WON'T HAVE ROOM FOR ALL THE PASSENGERS, THOUGH!
ON DECK, THE HORRIFIED, HYSTERICAL PASSENGERS, DRESSED IN SCANTY GARMENTS, CROWDED THE RAILS IN UTTER CONFUSION...
AHOY, PASSENGERS! CLEAR THE DECKS, AND STAND ASIDE! PREPARE TO LOWER LIFEBOATS, CREW!
PLEASE, CAPTAIN! HOW MANY BOATS ARE AVAILABLE?
ONLY TWO, AND I WISH WE HAD MORE!
ENOUGH FOR ALL, SIR! DON'T WORRY... AND OBEY ORDERS!
PICK A CREW AND TAKE CHARGE OF THIS LONGBOAT, RHODES! I'LL PUT PARKER IN COMMAND OF THE JOLLYBOAT!
WE'RE HAVING TROUBLE LAUNCHING HER IN THESE HEAVY SWELLS, SIR!
GRIPPED BY FEAR AND TERROR, STRUGGLING FOR THEIR LIVES, THE FIGHTING, FEAR-CRAZED PASSENGERS POURED INTO THE INADEQUATE LONGBOAT!
KEEP THEM BACK, CAPTAIN! KEEP THEM BACK! THIS BOAT IS OVERLOADED! IF WE TAKE ANY MORE ON, WE'LL SINK!

MADDENED BY FEAR, 48 PASSENGERS JAMMED INTO BOATS BUILT FOR 30 MEN...
ORDER PARKER TO MAKE A LINE FAST BETWEEN THE BOATS! I WANT 'EM LASHED TOGETHER, BEFORE THE SHIP GOES DOWN!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
IN HEAVEN'S NAME, SPARE THE LIFE OF MY CHILD! PLEASE MAKE ROOM FOR HIM!
YOU MUST SAVE US, SIR, YOU MUST!
WHAT'RE WE TO DO? THERE'S NO MORE ROOM IN THE BOATS!
THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME LEFT, SIR! SAVE YOURSELF! IT'S FOOLISH TO GO DOWN WITH THE SHIP!
PLACING HIS OWN LIFE ABOVE THOSE OF HIS PASSENGERS...
BE MERCIFUL, I BESEECH YOU! TAKE MY CHILD!
YOU CAN'T LEAVE US TO DIE LIKE RATS... COME BACK!
LET GO OF ME, YOU FOOLS!
SAVE US! IN HEAVEN'S NAME, HAVE MERCY ON OUR SOULS!
CAST AWAY! QUICK... OR WE'LL BE SUCKED IN BY THE UNDERTOW!
LEAVING THIRTY-ONE PASSENGERS TO THEIR DOOM, THE OVERLOADED LONGBOAT AND THE COMPARATIVELY EMPTY JOLLYBOAT CAST OFF THEIR LINES...
HELP US... HELP!
OH, LORD! I CAN STILL HEAR THEIR SCREAMS! HEAVEN HAVE MERCY ON OUR SOULS!
5

AFTER AN ETERNALLY LONG, MISERABLE NIGHT OF SLEET, ICY RAIN AND UNKNOWN TERROR, THE WRETCHED SURVIVORS LIFTED THEIR HEADS TO WELCOME THE DAWN...
AHOY, MR. RHODES! CAN YOU HEAR ME?
YES! WHAT IS IT, SIR?
CUT LOOSE AND HEAD FOR NEWFOUNDLAND!
B-BUT, SIR, WE'RE OVERLOADED! YOU HAVE ROOM FOR A FEW MORE PASSENGERS!
IMPOSSIBLE, RHODES! WE'D CAPSIZE IN A SECOND IF WE TOOK ON ADDED WEIGHT!
WE'RE LEAKING BADLY, SIR, AND WE HAVE NO SAIL ABOARD! WE'LL NEVER MAKE PORT WITH SO MANY IN THE BOAT! CAN WE...?
THERE COULD BE ONLY ONE INTERPRETATION OF RHODES' QUESTION... THE CAPTAIN UNDERSTOOD!
AND THEN CAME THE FATAL WORDS WHICH WERE TO MEAN... MURDER!
CAN WE...ER...DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS SITUATION, SIR? DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
I UNDERSTAND, RHODES! BUT, ONLY AS A LAST RESORT...THAT'S AN ORDER!
CUT LOOSE FROM EACH OTHER, THE TWO BOATS SLOWLY DRIFTED APART..
AHOY, IN THE LONGBOAT! I'M PUTTING RHODES IN FULL CHARGE...YOU ARE TO OBEY HIS ORDERS IMPLICITLY!
AND THEN IN THE LONGBOAT...
DO YOU FULLY UNDERSTAND WHAT THE CAPTAIN MEANT, HOLMES? WE WOULD HAVE A CHANCE WITH FEWER PEOPLE ABOARD! BUT, WE'LL NEVER GET THERE, AS OVERLOADED AS WE ARE!
I UNDERSTAND, SIR!
6

ALL THAT TERRIFYING DAY WAS SPENT IN AN EFFORT TO KEEP THE BOAT AFLOAT...
WE'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING! WE'RE SHIPPING WATER, AND WE'RE LOW ON RATIONS!
DON'T TALK ABOUT IT, HOLMES! NOT YET, ANYWAY!


THE FOLLOWING DAY... AND A DECISION HAD TO BE MADE...
WE CAN'T GO ON MUCH LONGER LIKE THIS! WILL YOU GIVE ME THE AUTHORITY TO DO WHAT MUST BE DONE?
LATER, HOLMES, LATER! I MUST THINK! I MUST!

"LATER, LATER!" WAS RHODES' ANSWER, AND IN A FIT OF FURY AT SUCH DESPERATE INDECISION, HOLMES TOOK CONTROL OF THE BOAT!
AND COMMITTED THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF CRIMES THAT WOULD BE REMEMBERED AS LONG AS MEN SAIL SHIPS!

THE FIRST UNSUSPECTING VICTIM WAS CHOSEN!
WH-WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME THAT WAY?
I'M SORRY, BUT THIS IS THE ONLY WAY! GRAB HIM, MURRAY!

HELP ME, SOMEONE! FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, SPARE ME!

AND WITH A SICKENING SPLASH, THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF COLD-BLOODED MURDERS WAS COMMITTED...
HEL-LLP! BLUB... UB... ARGH... GLUG!

THE NEXT VICTIM WAS A POOR IMMIGRANT, WHO HAD SPENT A LIFE'S SAVINGS TO REACH THE PROMISED LAND...
DON'T! I BEG OF YOU...DON'T! I'VE GOT A WIFE AND 3 CHILDREN! FOR THEIR SAKE, SPARE ME!
I'M SORRY, DUFFEE!
YOU'VE GOT TO GO! YOU'VE GOT TO!
ONCE MORE, THE TWO BRAWNY SEAMEN STOOPED TO PICK UP A STRUGGLING, SCREAMING VICTIM...
NO! NO! I BEG OF YOU! N-NOT ME!
THE BOAT MUST BE LIGHTENED!
FIRST MATE RHODES COULD NO LONGER STAND THE GRIM SPECTACLE ENACTED IN HIS PRESENCE...
STOP! LET HIM DOWN AT ONCE! HIS WIFE IS IN THE BOAT! YOU MUSTN'T PART THEM! DO YOU HEAR? YOU MUSTN'T!
WH...? AYE, AYE, SIR!
WITHOUT SENSE OR FEELING, THE SEAMEN APPROACHED ANOTHER VICTIM...
I UNDERSTAND! JUST LET ME HAVE FIVE MINUTES TO PRAY, PLEASE!
SEEKING SOLACE IN A HIGHER COURT, THE POOR MAN PRAYED CALMLY AND QUIETLY...
I'M READY, GENTLEMEN!
8

THE HORRIBLE SPECTACLE CONTINUED...
PLEASE, WE IMPLORE YOU! SPARE HIS LIFE!
I'M SORRY, MISS! YOUR BROTHER MUST GO!
YOU CAN'T TAKE OUR BROTHER AWAY! YOU CAN'T... HE'S ALL WE'VE GOT!
IF YOU DARE TO THROW HIM OVER-BOARD, WE'LL FOLLOW HIM!
OUR LIVES WILL BE ON YOUR HEAD! I BESEECH YOU... SPARE OUR BROTHER!
MERCY! IN HEAVEN'S NAME... HAVE MERCY!
TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF HIM! STOP THEM! SOMEONE STOP THEM!
TRUE TO THEIR WORD, THE FAITHFUL SISTERS THREW THEMSELVES IN THE ICY WATERS AFTER THEIR BROTHER!
THROUGHOUT THE DAY, AMID THE SHRIEKS OF WOMEN TORN FROM THEIR HUSBANDS' SIDES, THE STARK TRAGEDY CONTINUED... AND STILL THE LONGBOAT LISTED DANGEROUSLY! MORE VICTIMS WENT TO THEIR DOOM AND THE NEXT DAY... TWO OTHERS FOLLOWED! EVERY VICTIM WAS A PASSENGER! NONE WERE CREW MEMBERS!
3 MORE DAYS PASSED AS THE HELPLESS BOAT AND ITS CARGO OF HALF-STARVED, FEAR-CRAZED PASSENGERS BEGAN TO LOSE ALL HOPE!
IF I CAN SHAPE THIS OAR INTO A MAST, WE MAY STILL REACH LAND, SIR!
SUDDENLY, RHODES SIGHTED A SHIP FAR OFF ON THE HORIZON...
WH...? A SHIP! A SHIP! WE'RE SAVED... OH, THANK HEAVEN... WE'RE SAVED!
WHERE? YES, I SEE IT, BUT, WILL IT SEE US?
9

FRANTICALLY WAVING, THE HYSTERICAL SURVIVORS WENT MAD WITH JOY...

THEY **MUST** SEE US! THEY MUST! **AHOY, THERE! SAVE US!**

THANK HEAVEN! *WE'RE SAVED! WE'RE SAVED!*

ON APRIL 22nd, THE 3-MASTED SCHOONER, 'CRESCENT,' BOUND FOR LE HAVRE, FRANCE, SIGHTED THE SURVIVORS AND PICKED THEM UP! FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE ENTIRE, SORDID, GHASTLY TRAGEDY WAS UNFOLDED BEFORE THE CRESCENT'S MASTER! THREE DAYS LATER, THE SURVIVORS IN THE OTHER LONGBOAT WERE RESCUED BY STILL ANOTHER SHIP!

YOU REALIZE THE SERIOUSNESS OF WHAT YOU HAVE DONE! I'LL HAVE TO ARREST YOU UNTIL WE REACH PORT!

IN THE UNITED STATES, A HORRIFIED NATION READ WITH DISGUST AND RAGE THE DETAILED ACCOUNT OF THE STARK TRAGEDY! WOMEN WEPT... MEN STORMED... AUTHORITIES SHUDDERED, AS MOUNTING WAVES OF PROTEST ROLLED OVER THE COUNTRY!

GLOBE
MURDER ON HIGH SEAS! NATION DEMANDS FULL INVESTIGATION!

EVENING NEWS
BRUTAL KILLERS MUST BE PUNISHED' ENTIRE WORLD ROUSED BY TERRIBLE TRAGEDY!

THE STAR
WHO ORDERED MASSACRE? WHY DID CAPTAIN HARRIS ABANDON SHIP?

FINAL
STANDARD
AUTHORITIES PROMISE FULL INVESTIGATION
NATION MOURNS WILLIAM BROWN VICTIMS!
SPECIAL

THE CASE WAS TURNED OVER TO WILLIAM T. MEREDITH, U.S. ATTORNEY, IN PHILADELPHIA!

GENTLEMEN, I CAN PROMISE YOU A SPEEDY TRIAL FOR THOSE RESPONSIBLE IN THIS TRAGEDY!

ARE SHIP'S OFFICERS BEING HELD?

A KEEN-WITTED CITY EDITOR SUDDENLY CAME ACROSS STARTLING NEWS!

JIM, CAPTAIN HARRIS AND RHODES HAVE JUST **SHIPPED OUT** OF THE COUNTRY!

IMPOSSIBLE! THEY'RE THE ***KEY*** WITNESSES!

THE RUMOR WAS TRUE! FOR SOME REASON, TO THIS DAY UNEXPLAINED, HARRIS AND RHODES WERE ABLE TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY!

...BUT, BEFORE THEY LEFT, WE SECURED FROM THEM A COMPLETE DEPOSITION!

ONLY A DEPOSITION? THOSE MEN ARE ***GUILTY,*** SIR!

A WHOLESALE MASSACRE TAKES PLACE, AND THE KEY WITNESSES BREEZE OFF, UNTOUCHED!
WELL, STAND BACK WHILE YOU HEAR THIS, CHIEF! JAMES MURRAY, THE MAN WHO HELPED HOLMES, ALSO HAS DISAPPEARED!
COURIER
HARRIS AND RHODES LEAVE COUNTRY!
EXAMINER
HOLMES TO STAND TRIAL ALONE! KEY WITNESS DISAPPEARS!
TRANSCRIPT
THE AMERICAN PEOPLE DEMAND EXPLANATION
IS U.S. JUSTICE BLIND?
THE ROAR OF AN AROUSED PUBLIC ECHOED THROUGHOUT THE NATION! COMMITTEES WERE FORMED TO PROBE INTO THE AMAZING HANDLING OF THE CASE! THE WILLIAM BROWN CASE BECAME A HOUSEHOLD WORD! EVERYWHERE PEOPLE MET AND DISCUSSED THE STRANGE TURN OF EVENTS!
HOLMES ISN'T HALF AS GUILTY AS THE OFFICERS WHO GAVE HIM HIS ORDERS!
IT'S INCREDIBLE! WHO'S TRYING TO COVER UP FOR WHOM?
SEEMS TO ME THERE AIN'T NO CASE AGAINST HOLMES, WITHOUT THEM OTHER GUILTY PARTIES STANDIN' TRIAL WITH HIM!
DON'T FORGET THIS, THOUGH! IF HOLMES AND MURRAY HAD NOT DROWNED THOSE POOR PEOPLE, THERE WOULD'VE BEEN 41 LIVES LOST!
GOSH! IF I WERE CAPTAIN, I WOULD HAVE TAKEN SOME OF THOSE FOLKS ABOARD THE SMALL BOAT!
WHY DIDN'T THEY DRAW LOTS?

ON APRIL 13TH, 1842, ALEXANDER WILLIAM HOLMES WAS TRIED BEFORE JUSTICE HENRY BALDWIN, IN THE DISTRICT COURT IN PHILADELPHIA!
YOU STATE, MR. HOLMES, THAT THE LONG-BOAT COULD ACCOMMODATE ONLY ABOUT 21 PERSONS AND YET 41 HUMANS CROWDED IN! WHO MADE THAT DECISION?
CAPTAIN HARRIS, SIR!
...AND YET, WITH A SUPERIOR OFFICER IN THE BOAT, YOU PERSONALLY TOOK IT UPON YOURSELF TO TAKE COMMAND AND MURDER INNOCENT PEOPLE!
DID FIRST-MATE RHODES ORDER THIS? OR DID YOU TAKE IT UPON YOURSELF?
MR. RHODES DIDN'T EXACTLY ORDER, BUT HE UNDERSTOOD THAT SUCH A COURSE WAS NECESSARY TO SAVE THE REST OF THE PASSENGERS!
DID YOU AND JAMES MURRAY SELECT YOUR VICTIMS AT RANDOM? OR DID YOU DELIBERATELY PICK THEM FOR ANY OTHER REASON?
THEY WERE PICKED AT RANDOM! I HAD NO REASON TO PICK ANY PARTICULAR PASSENGER!
DID IT OCCUR TO YOU...OR MR. RHODES, THAT IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN FAIRER TO HAVE THE SURVIVORS DRAW LOTS FOR THEIR GHASTLY FATES?
NO, SIR! IT DIDN'T OCCUR TO ME! HOWEVER, IF IT HAD, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE IN THAT CROWDED BOAT!
HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR THE FACT THAT ONLY PASSENGERS AND NO CREW MEN WERE THROWN OVERBOARD?
THE CREW WAS VITAL TO THE SAFETY OF THE BOAT IN THE EVENT OF AN EMERGENCY!
THE BRILLIANT PROSECUTION TIGHTENED A ROPE AROUND HOLMES' NECK IN A SERIES OF RAPID, STINGING QUESTIONS...
ONE MORE QUESTION, MR. HOLMES! DID RHODES DISTINCTLY GIVE YOU ORDERS TO LIGHTEN THE BOAT, OR DIDN'T HE? ANSWER YES OR NO!

IT LOOKED BAD, UNTIL THE DEFENSE ATTORNEY TOOK OVER...

YOU SAY, MR. RHODES UNDERSTOOD SUCH ACTION WAS NECESSARY! PLEASE EXPLAIN!

BEFORE OUR BOATS PARTED, MR. RHODES SHOUTED TO CAPTAIN HARRIS: "WE MAY HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE SITUATION!"

WHAT DID CAPTAIN HARRIS ANSWER?

HE SAID: "I UNDERSTAND... BUT **ONLY** AS A **LAST** RESORT!" THEN, MR. RHODES ASKED ME IF I UNDERSTOOD WHAT CAPT. HARRIS IMPLIED BY THAT STATEMENT!

THE DEFENSE ATTORNEY'S QUESTIONS BATTERED DOWN THE CASE AGAINST HOLMES...

IN YOUR ESTIMATION, DID CAPT. HARRIS HAVE ROOM FOR MORE PASSENGERS?

HE DID, SIR!

I UNDERSTAND THERE'S AN OLD SEA TRADITION, WHICH CLAIMS THE CAPTAIN OF A VESSEL USUALLY GOES **DOWN** WITH HIS SHIP! DO YOU THINK CAPT. HARRIS COULD HAVE SAVED AN EXTRA PASSENGER, BY REMAINING ABOARD THE "WILLIAM BROWN?"

THE CASE RESTED, AND THE ATTORNEYS BEGAN THEIR SUMMATIONS...

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, YOU HAVE JUST HEARD A DETAILED ACCOUNT OF THE MOST **BRUTAL, COLD-BLOODED SERIES OF MURDERS** EVER TO DARKEN AND DISGRACE THE CHAMBERS OF A UNITED STATES COURT OF LAW! THE DEFENDANT, ALEXANDER WILLIAM HOLMES, HAS FRANKLY ADMITTED THE **CALLOUS** DEATH OF 16 INNOCENT SURVIVORS OF A TERRIBLE MARINE DISASTER!

WHO AMONG US CAN TELL WHETHER OR NOT THE LONGBOAT WOULD HAVE REMAINED AFLOAT WITHOUT THESE TERRIBLE MURDERS? WHO AMONG US, AS ORDINARY MORTALS, WOULD **DARE** TAKE LIFE AND DEATH INTO HIS OWN HANDS? I SAY TO YOU, THAT ALEXANDER WILLIAM HOLMES IS **GUILTY** OF **MURDER** IN THE FIRST DEGREE AND MUST PAY THE **SUPREME PENALTY!**

A TENSE, BREATHLESS COURTROOM WATCHED THE DEFENSE ATTORNEY RISE AND MAKE HIS IMPASSIONED PLEA TO THE JURY!

THE PROSECUTION HAS ATTEMPTED TO PROVE THAT THE DEFENDANT, ALEXANDER WM. HOLMES, HAS, UNAIDED AND UNABETTED, TAKEN THE LIVES OF 9 *FOLKS!* HE HAS ATTEMPTED TO PLACE UPON THE SHOULDERS OF A SIMPLE SEAMAN, THE STAGGERING RESPONSIBILITY OF *3 HIGHER OFFICERS!* SUCH, AS YOU WELL KNOW, IS *NOT* THE CASE!

THE VERY BASIS OF OUR COUNTRY'S LAWS IS AT STAKE IN THIS COURTROOM! MURDER HAS BEEN COMMITTED... BUT WHERE ARE THE **WITNESSES?** WHERE ARE THE **OFFICERS,** WHOSE WORD IS LAW ON THE HIGH SEAS? WHERE ARE THOSE MEN IN WHOSE HANDS OUR MARITIME LAWS PLACE THE VERY POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH DURING TERRIBLE EMERGENCIES IN MID-OCEAN? HOLMES FOLLOWED THE DUTY OF THE SEA, BY OBEYING HIS SUPERIOR OFFICERS!

FOR 18 HOURS THE JURY DELIBERATED OVER A VERDICT AND RETURNED WITHOUT ONE! SENT BACK TO THE JURY CHAMBERS AGAIN, THEY PUT IN TWELVE HOURS MORE... AND THEN RETURNED A VERDICT!

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, HAVE YOU REACHED A VERDICT?

WE HAVE, YOUR HONOR! WE FIND THE DEFENDANT, ALEXANDER WM. HOLMES, *GUILTY!* HOWEVER... UNDER THE TRYING CIRCUMSTANCES OF THIS UNUSUAL CASE, WE RECOMMEND EXTREME LENIENCY!

HIS HEAD BOWED IN GRIEF, THE DEFENDANT ROSE TO HEAR HIS SENTENCE...

ALEXANDER WILLIAM HOLMES, I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU TO A TERM OF 6 MONTHS **SOLITARY CONFINEMENT!**

WITH EVERY ASPECT OF THE STRANGE CASE DRUMMING CONSTANTLY THROUGH HIS MIND, WITH THE WORDS OF THE TRIAL POUNDING IN HIS HEART, THE CONVICTED MAN SAT AND WAITED!

AM I GUILTY? AM I? OH, WHY DON'T THEY COME AND HELP ME?

ANY WORD, WARDEN? WHAT'S THE NEWS? TELL ME QUICKLY! *PLEASE TELL ME!*

SORRY, HOLMES! PRESIDENT TYLER HAS TURNED DOWN THE PETITION FOR A PARDON!

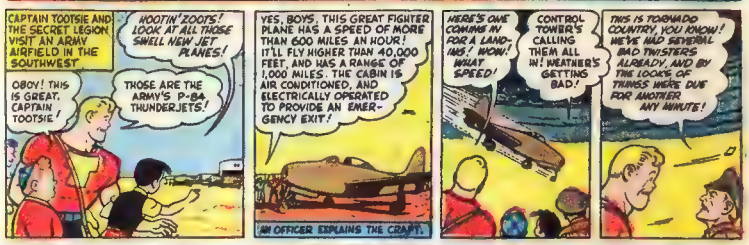
AND SO ENDED ONE OF THE STRANGEST CASES IN THE ANNALS OF AMERICAN MARITIME HISTORY! TO THIS DAY, THE WEIRD, LEGAL PROCEDURE AND PUZZLING QUESTIONS OF THIS AMAZING CASE REMAIN UNANSWERED!

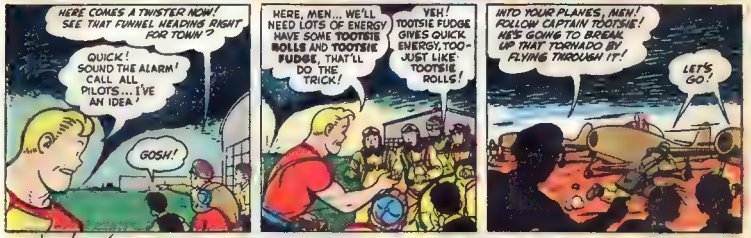
THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! THEY CAN'T! PARKER! CAPTAIN HARRIS! JAMES MURRAY! WHERE ARE YOU? LOOK WHAT THEY'VE DONE! RHODES! COME BACK AND TELL THEM! COME BACK... COME BACK!!!

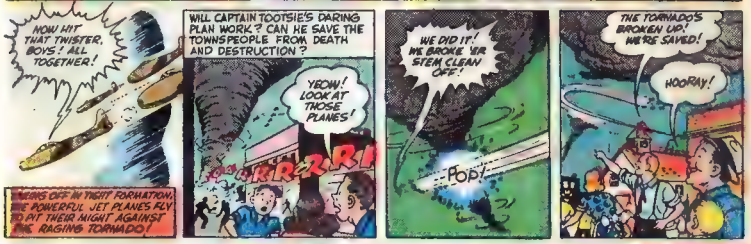
THE END

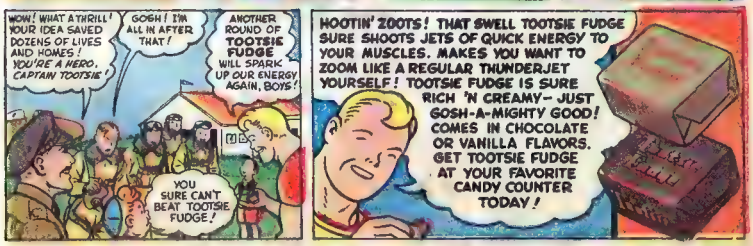
Captain Tootsie Tames a Tornado

By C.C. Beck


CAPTAIN TOOTSIE AND THE SECRET LEGION VISIT AN ARMY AIRFIELD IN THE SOUTHWEST.
OBOY! THIS IS GREAT, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!
HOOTIN' ZOOTS! LOOK AT ALL THOSE SWELL NEW JET PLANES!
THOSE ARE THE ARMY'S P-84 THUNDERJETS!
YES, BOYS. THIS GREAT FIGHTER PLANE HAS A SPEED OF MORE THAN 600 MILES AN HOUR! IT'LL FLY HIGHER THAN 40,000 FEET, AND HAS A RANGE OF 1,000 MILES. THE CABIN IS AIR CONDITIONED, AND ELECTRICALLY OPERATED TO PROVIDE AN EMERGENCY EXIT!
AN OFFICER EXPLAINS THE CRAFT.
HERE'S ONE COMING IN FOR A LANDING! WOW! WHAT SPEED!
CONTROL TOWER'S CALLING THEM ALL IN! WEATHER'S GETTING BAD!
THIS IS TORNADO COUNTRY, YOU KNOW! WE'VE HAD SEVERAL BAD TWISTERS ALREADY, AND BY THE LOOKS OF THINGS WE'RE DUE FOR ANOTHER ANY MINUTE!


HERE COMES A TWISTER NOW! SEE THAT FUNNEL HEADING RIGHT FOR TOWN?
QUICK! SOUND THE ALARM! CALL ALL PILOTS... I'VE AN IDEA!
GOSH!
HERE, MEN... WE'LL NEED LOTS OF ENERGY! HAVE SOME TOOTSIE ROLLS AND TOOTSIE FUDGE, THAT'LL DO THE TRICK!
YEH! TOOTSIE FUDGE GIVES QUICK ENERGY, TOO- JUST LIKE TOOTSIE ROLLS!
INTO YOUR PLANES, MEN! FOLLOW CAPTAIN TOOTSIE! HE'S GOING TO BREAK UP THAT TORNADO BY FLYING THROUGH IT!
LET'S GO!


WOW! HIT THAT TWISTER, BOYS! ALL TOGETHER!
WEAVING OUT IN TIGHT FORMATION, THE POWERFUL JET PLANES FLY TO PIT THEIR MIGHT AGAINST THE RAGING TORNADO!
WILL CAPTAIN TOOTSIE'S DARING PLAN WORK? CAN HE SAVE THE TOWNSPEOPLE FROM DEATH AND DESTRUCTION?
YEOW! LOOK AT THOSE PLANES!
RRRRR!
WE DID IT! WE BROKE 'ER STEM CLEAN OFF!
POOF!
THE TORNADO'S BROKEN UP! WE'RE SAVED!
HOORAY!


WOW! WHAT A THRILL! YOUR IDEA SAVED DOZENS OF LIVES AND HOMES! YOU'RE A HERO, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!
GOSH! I'M ALL IN AFTER THAT!
ANOTHER ROUND OF TOOTSIE FUDGE WILL SPARK UP OUR ENERGY AGAIN, BOYS!
YOU SURE CAN'T BEAT TOOTSIE FUDGE!
HOOTIN' ZOOTS! THAT SWELL TOOTSIE FUDGE SURE SHOOTS JETS OF QUICK ENERGY TO YOUR MUSCLES. MAKES YOU WANT TO ZOOM LIKE A REGULAR THUNDERJET YOURSELF! TOOTSIE FUDGE IS SURE RICH 'N CREAMY— JUST GOSH-A-MIGHTY GOOD! COMES IN CHOCOLATE OR VANILLA FLAVORS. GET TOOTSIE FUDGE AT YOUR FAVORITE CANDY COUNTER TODAY!

THE MAN WHO TRIED TO CHEAT DEATH

ON THE GRIM BARREN EXECUTION YARD OF JOLIET PRISON, A COLD NOVEMBER WIND WHIPPED AROUND THE NAKED GALLOWS AND WHIRLED A FLURRY OF DRY LEAVES AND DUST INTO A CRAZY DANCE OF DEATH! A HANGING WAS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE...

THIS STORY IS TRUE!*

AND IN DEATH ROW---A TERRIFIED DOOMED MAN AWAITED THE HOUR OF EXECUTION--- THIS WAS PETER LIANA, ABOUT TO PAY WITH HIS LIFE FOR THE CRIME OF DOUBLE MURDER...

I HEAR THEIR STEPS! TH---THEY'RE COMIN' FOR ME! I DON'T WANNA GO! *I DON'T WANNA GO!*

2996

1

* THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE INNOCENT PERSONS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS IN ORDER TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY

LET'S GO, LIANA!
NO...NO! GO AWAY! I AIN'T GOIN' WITH YOU!! AIN'T GOIN'!
P-PLEASE, LET GO OF ME! I DON'T WANNA DIE! DON'T LET ME DIE!
YOU DISHED IT OUT, LIANA... NOW STAND UP AND TAKE IT!
THE SIGHT OF THE GALLOWS TURNED THE ONCE ARROGANT KILLER INTO A SOBBING, SNIVELING, HYSTERICAL WEAKLING...
LET ME GO... PLEASE! I AIN'T CLIMBIN' THEM STAIRS! I AIN'T GOIN'!
SUDDENLY, WITH DEATH STARING HIM IN THE FACE, LIANA BEGAN A BABBLING, ALMOST INCOHERENT CONFESSION, AS STARTLED GUARDS STOPPED TO LISTEN...
WAIT! I'LL TELL YOU PLENTY... DON'T HANG ME! I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT THE GARCIA KILLING! I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT WHO KILLED STONY BRIOCCO... I KNOW THE GUY WHO DONE IT! WAIT!
HOLD IT A MINUTE, GUARDS! NOW, WHAT'S THAT YOU WERE SAYING?
HIS LIFE MOMENTARILY SPARED, LIANA POINTED THE FINGER OF DEATH AT ANOTHER KILLER STILL AT LIBERTY...
I'LL TALK! IT WAS TONY SIORE! HE CHOPPED GARCIA AND BRIOCCO ON THE SAME DAY! I KNOW... I WAS WITH HIM! I SEEN HIM DO IT! LEMME GO NOW, HUH?
KEEP TALKING, LIANA!
QUICKLY, FATALLY, LIANA'S TONGUE LASHED OUT AT HIS FELLOW KILLERS IN A VAIN EFFORT TO SAVE HIS OWN COWARDLY NECK...
IT'S THE TRUTH, SO HELP ME! THEIR BODIES ARE STASHED IN THE CELLAR OF BALLO'S POOL ROOM... AND SIORE THREW THE GAT DOWN A SEWER ON THE SAME STREET! N...NOW WILL YOU LET ME GO?
WE'VE GOT THE TESTIMONY FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH! PROCEED, GUARDS!
BUT HIS LAST MINUTE CONFESSION COULD NOT CHANGE THE PROCESS OF THE LAW, AND PETER LIANA PAID THE PENALTY WITH HIS LIFE TEN MINUTES LATER...
TURN LIANA'S TESTIMONY OVER TO THE PROPER AUTHORITIES! IF HE WAS TELLING THE TRUTH, THEY'LL KNOW HOW TO HANDLE TONY SIORE!

ON THE BASIS OF LILIANA'S TESTIMONY, TONY SIORE WAS QUICKLY BROUGHT TO JUSTICE AND CONVICTED OF BOTH MURDERS...
ANTHONY SIORE, IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE LAWS OF THIS STATE AND THE POWERS VESTED IN ME, I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU TO HANG BY THE NECK UNTIL YOU ARE DEAD... AND MAY HEAVEN HELP YOUR SOUL!
YOU'LL NEVER HANG ME! YOU PIGS! I AIN'T GUILTY! YOU CAN'T MAKE ME SWING!
ORDER! ORDER! TAKE THAT MAN AWAY!
TAKE IT EASY, SIORE!
SIORE WAS PLACED IN A CELL IN THE DEATH BLOCK, THERE TO AWAIT HIS DOOM...
YOU AIN'T GONNA HANG ME, YOU LOWDOWN, DIRTY COPS!
YOU'VE GOT THREE WEEKS TO COOL DOWN IN, SIORE! THREE WEEKS, AND YOU'LL HANG LIKE THE MURDERER YOU ARE!
THAT EVENING, A GUARD BROUGHT SIORE HIS FIRST PRISON MEAL...
TAKE THAT ROT-GUT AWAY, FLAT FOOT! I AIN'T EATIN'!
SUIT YOURSELF, SIORE! I'LL LEAVE IT HERE ANYWAY!
HERE, COPPER! SHOVE THIS GRUB DOWN YOUR THROAT!
WH—?
YOU'LL BE WHISTLING FOR CHOW IN A COUPLE OF HOURS, SIORE!
I WON'T WHISTLE... AND I WON'T EAT! TELL YOUR BOSS THAT ANTHONY SIORE AIN'T EATIN' NUTHIN'!
THE PRISON AUTHORITIES BEGAN TO WORRY AS ANTHONY SIORE REFUSED ALL FOOD FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS...
HOW ABOUT IT, SIORE? LOOK! HERE'S A NICE JUICY STEAK AND LOTS OF MASHED POTATOES!
I AIN'T EATIN'! TAKE IT AWAY, FLATFOOT!
NO FOOD, GOTTA GO WITHOUT FOOD!

UNAWARE OF THE DIABOLIC PLAN BEHIND SIORE'S HUNGER STRIKE, THE WORRIED PRISON SURGEON CONSULTED WITH THE WARDEN...

SIORE'S CONDITION IS *MUCH* WORSE NOW, WARDEN! HE HAS LOST MORE THAN FIFTY FIVE POUNDS IN THE LAST TWO WEEKS! WE'VE TRIED FORCING HIM, BUT IT WON'T WORK!

HE THINKS HE'S GOING TO CHEAT THE GALLOWS... BUT HE *WON'T!* HIS EXECUTION IS GOING AHEAD ON SCHEDULE, DOCTOR!

THE THIRD AND FINAL WEEK PASSED, AND SIORE'S CONDITION PROVED ALMOST FATAL! ON THE MORNING OF THE SCHEDULED HANGING, THE WILY SIORE REFUSED HIS LAST MEAL...

THIS IS YOUR LAST MEAL, SIORE! DO YOU WANT IT?

NO, TAKE IT AWAY!

COMPLETELY UNAWARE OF THE FANTASTIC SCHEME BREWING IN SIORE'S FEVERISH MIND, TWO GUARDS CAME TO TAKE SIORE ON WHAT WAS SUPPOSEDLY HIS LAST WALK ON EARTH...

WE'RE READY, SIORE! LET'S GO!

I'M COMIN'! *YOU AIN'T KILLING ME,* YOU HEAR? *I AIN'T GONNA DIE!*

SUDDENLY, FIVE MINUTES BEFORE SIORE WAS TO DROP TO HIS DEATH THROUGH A TRAP-DOOR, THE WARDEN RECEIVED AN ANONYMOUS PHONE CALL WHICH THREW THE ENTIRE PRISON INTO A FUROR OF EXCITMENT...

YES, THIS IS THE WARDEN! WH---? WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY? *WHO IS THIS?* HELLO... HELLO... OPERATOR... *OPERATOR!*

THREE MINUTES TO GO, AND THE WARDEN HURRIEDLY GAVE ORDERS WHICH WERE TO FOIL ONE OF THE MOST ASTOUNDING SCHEMES IN THE ANNALS OF CRIMINOLOGY...

HELLO, JOHNSON? GET THIS AND *GET IT STRAIGHT!* DOUBLE ALL THE GUARDS AT THE GATE AND ON THE PRISON WALL! STOP ALL VEHICLES COMING INTO THE PRISON AND HOLD THEIR DRIVERS! PROCEED WITH THE EXECUTION, AND GET *THIS...*

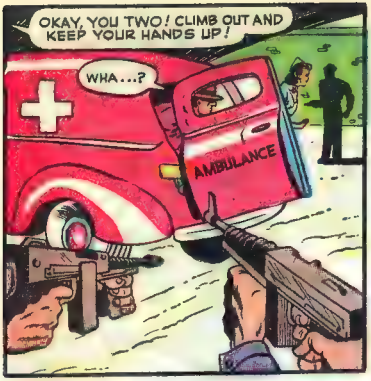
DON'T RELEASE SIORE'S BODY TO ANYONE UNTIL I GET THERE!

AT THE MAIN GATE, THE AMBULANCE ARRIVED TO RECEIVE THE BODY OF THE EXECUTED CRIMINAL... *BUT THIS TIME, THE AMBULANCE WAS UNUSUAL!*

HI, FELLOWS! HAVE THEY STRETCHED SIORE'S NECK YET? WE'RE SUPPOSED TO PICK UP THE BODY... WH---? *HEY!*

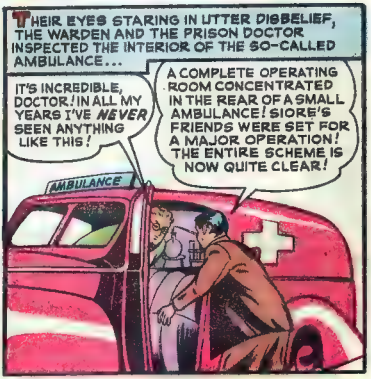
GET OUT OF THAT CAR AND KEEP YOUR HANDS HIGH, MISTER! COVER THE REAR OF THE AMBULANCE, MEN!

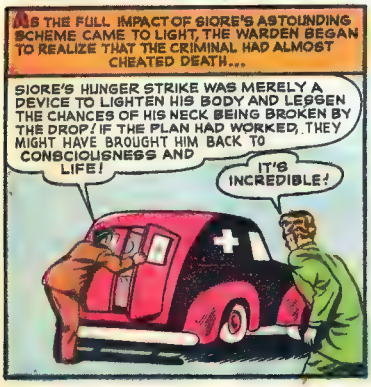
AMBULANCE

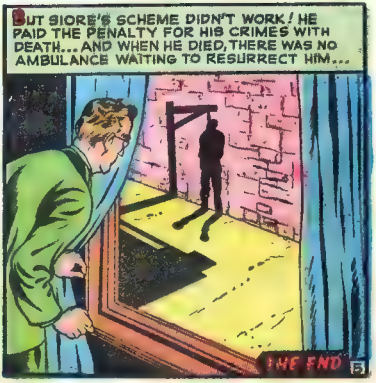

OKAY, YOU TWO! CLIMB OUT AND KEEP YOUR HANDS UP!
WHA...?
AMBULANCE

OKAY, COPPERS! THE FIRST GUY THAT SWINGS A CHOPPER TOWARD ME IS GONNA GET HIS!
DROP THAT GUN!

EEOWW! YOU'VE K-KILLED HIM!
RAT-T-T-T-T-T-T-T


THEIR EYES STARING IN UTTER DISBELIEF, THE WARDEN AND THE PRISON DOCTOR INSPECTED THE INTERIOR OF THE SO-CALLED AMBULANCE...
IT'S INCREDIBLE, DOCTOR! IN ALL MY YEARS I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS!
A COMPLETE OPERATING ROOM CONCENTRATED IN THE REAR OF A SMALL AMBULANCE! SIORE'S FRIENDS WERE SET FOR A MAJOR OPERATION! THE ENTIRE SCHEME IS NOW QUITE CLEAR!
AMBULANCE


AS THE FULL IMPACT OF SIORE'S ASTOUNDING SCHEME CAME TO LIGHT, THE WARDEN BEGAN TO REALIZE THAT THE CRIMINAL HAD ALMOST CHEATED DEATH...
SIORE'S HUNGER STRIKE WAS MERELY A DEVICE TO LIGHTEN HIS BODY AND LESSEN THE CHANCES OF HIS NECK BEING BROKEN BY THE DROP! IF THE PLAN HAD WORKED, THEY MIGHT HAVE BROUGHT HIM BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS AND LIFE!
IT'S INCREDIBLE!


BUT SIORE'S SCHEME DIDN'T WORK! HE PAID THE PENALTY FOR HIS CRIMES WITH DEATH... AND WHEN HE DIED, THERE WAS NO AMBULANCE WAITING TO RESURRECT HIM...
THE END

STAMP NEWS

By KENT B. STILES

Use of postage stamps to commemorate events of historical significance and happenings in careers of past and living persons is more and more becoming popular with Governmental postal administrations. During 1947, for example, more than one-fourth of all stamps issued are commemoratives, released in more than seventy-countries; and indications are that the same pace will be maintained during 1948. Here are just a few samples of what collectors may expect this year in the way of commemoratives:

At Washington will be printed a "Four Chaplains Memorial" stamp honoring the four chaplains, each an Army First Lieutenant, who gave their lives when the transport Dorchester was torpedoed in the North Atlantic in February, 1943. They were George L. Fox, Methodist; Alexander Goode, Jewish; Clark V. Poling, Baptist; John P. Washington, Roman Catholic. They were last seen with arms locked, and praying, as the ship foundered. They had given their life jackets to soldiers. The stamp will be issued partly "in the interest of religious tolerance."

Great Britain will commemorate the silver wedding anniversary of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth on April 26 with 2½-pence and 1 pound stamps. In May will appear 1p and 2½p to mark an anniversary of the liberation of the Channel Islands from German occupation during the war. In July there will be 2½p, 3p, 6p and 1-shilling items for the Olympic Games. Several other Governments are postally commemorating the sports contests.

Salvador and a few more countries promised special stamps on April 12, third anniversary of the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Canal Zone is issuing on April 17 a 10-cent stamp for the twenty-fifth anniversary of the creation of the Canal Zone Biographical Area, on Barro Colorado Island in man-made Gatun Lake. The region is one where flora and fauna of a tropical forest are preserved and made accessible to scientists for study.

An April issue scheduled by Czechoslovakia comprises 1.50-korona, 2k and 3k stamps to mark the 600th anniversary of the establishing of Charles University by Charles IV (1316-1378), in Prague.

Sudan will issue a special stamp to recall the introduction of an illustration of a camel on postal paper released fifty years ago.

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Redlands, California

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WOW!! $10.00 WORTH OF FUN — ONLY 10¢!

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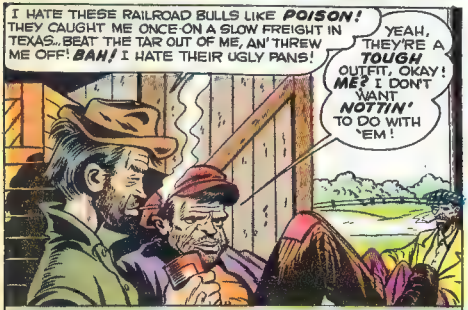
LITTLETON STAMPCO, LITTLETON 25, N. H.

"CAN YOU SPARE A MURDER?"

THIS STORY IS TRUE!*
SHE WAS A FRIEND TO THE FRIENDLESS, THIS OLD LADY WHO NEVER REFUSED A MEAL TO ANYONE WHO ASKED... BUT THIS HULKING MAN OF THE ROAD PLANNED A PAYMENT SHE COULD NOT FORESEE WHEN SHE OPENED HER DOOR TO... MURDER!
2988


I HATE THESE RAILROAD BULLS LIKE POISON! THEY CAUGHT ME ONCE ON A SLOW FREIGHT IN TEXAS.. BEAT THE TAR OUT OF ME, AN' THREW ME OFF! BAH! I HATE THEIR UGLY PANS!
YEAH, THEY'RE A TOUGH OUTFIT, OKAY! ME? I DON'T WANT NOTTIN' TO DO WITH 'EM!
HOBOES OF THE ROAD..DERELICTS WITHOUT ROOT..WANDERING OVER THE FACE OF AMERICA LIKE HUMAN DRIFTWOOD.. HATING SOCIETY BECAUSE THEY FIND NO PLACE IN IT,..RESENTING LAW AND ORDER...AND READY TO VENT THEIR VENGEANCE ON THE HANDIEST VICTIM...SUCH A ONE WAS JOE ELLIS, CYNICAL AND DESPERATE, AS WE SEE HIM ON A RUMBLING FREIGHT...ON THE MORNING OF AUG. 6TH, 1940...

HEY, WE'RE SLOWIN' DOWN! THERE'S A SLEW OF BULLS, WAITING DOWN AT THE JUNCTION AHEAD!
WH..? BULLS! THEY'RE GOING TO FRISK THE TRAIN... LE'S SCRAM!
10
1

*THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE INNOCENT PERSONS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS IN ORDER TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY.

CRIPES! I NEVER JUMPED OFF A FREIGHT ROLLIN' THIS FAST! WELL, HERE GOES!
YA JUMPED WRONG, ELLIS! YA SHOULDA LANDED RUNNING WIT' TH' TRAIN!
OW!
YEAH, A GUY CAN KILL HIMSELF THAT WAY!
DARN THEM BULLS! DARN 'EM! MY ANKLE FEELS LIKE A HOT POKER!
TAKE IT EASY, KID! YOU'VE GOT A LONG WAY TO GO!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO! I CAN'T HOP FREIGHTS WITH THIS BUM ANKLE, AND I'M BROKE BESIDES!
LIS'EN, KID, TH' NEXT TOWN'S A BURG NAMED SMITHFIELD! I BEEN THROUGH IT MANY A TIME! THERE'S AN OLD DAME, BESSIE BREWER, WHO'S GOT A REP FOR HANDIN' OUT GRUB AN' A SMALL STAKE TO GUYS THAT NEED IT!
BESSIE BREWER, EH? THE OLD DAME MUST HAVE PLENTY STOWED AWAY IN HER HOUSE, I'LL BET!
MEBBE AN' MEBBE NOT! ALL I KNOW IS, SHE LIVES ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN, AN' SHE'S GOOD FOR A FAST TOUCH!
JOE ELLIS DIDN'T HAVE MUCH TROUBLE FINDING BESSIE BREWER'S HOUSE ...
PARDON ME, MA'AM! CAN I CUT ANY WOOD, OR DO SOME CHORES IN EXCHANGE FOR A BITE TO EAT!
WHY, CERTAINLY, SON! C'MON RIGHT IN AND FORGET ABOUT THOSE CHORES! I WILL HAVE A HOT MEAL IN A WINK!
MY, MY, YOU MUST HAVE BEEN AWFUL HUNGRY! YOU POOR BOY! THIS HOT COFFEE'LL FIX YOU UP, PROPER!
M-MM, THANKS!
2

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET VERY FAR WITH THAT INJURED LEG, SON! WHERE ARE YOU BOUND?
I'M HEADIN' NORTH... TO VISIT MY FOLKS! I HAVEN'T SEEN 'EM IN YEARS!
NOW, YOU JUST WAIT RIGHT HERE, WHILE I WASH THESE DISHES! DON'T GO AWAY... I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU CARFARE, TO GET HOME LIKE DECENT BEINGS SHOULD!
THANKS, MA'AM! I SURE APPRECIATE IT!
IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR JOE ELLIS' WARPED, TWISTED MIND TO PLAN A FOUL PLOT AND PUT IT INTO ACTION!
SIT DOWN AN' MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE! I'LL BE RIGHT OUT!
YOU'RE NOT KIDDIN', LADY! RIGHT OUT... COLD!
IF SHE'S GOT THAT MUCH CARFARE LYING AROUND, THERE MUST BE PLENTY MORE... AND I'M GOING TO GET IT!
AND A HEARTLESS, GHASTLY MURDER WAS COMMITTED!
WH... WHAT ARE YOU DOING? STOP! HELP! OWWOOo!
GOTTA BE CAREFUL OF FINGERPRINTS! THEY'RE NOT GOING TO GET ME! NOT ME... JOE ELLIS! I'M GONNA BE SMART!
WITH SLIGHTLY MORE THAN 200 DOLLARS OF MRS. BREWER'S MONEY IN HIS POCKET, JOE ELLIS MADE THE FIRST MISTAKE THAT WAS TO TRAP HIM!
IT'LL TAKE ME A SECOND TO SHED MY DIRTY SHIRT AND PUT ON THIS CLEAN ONE THAT'S LAYING AROUND! I'M GOING HOME IN STYLE!
3

HAVING TAKEN GREAT PAINS TO REMOVE ALL POSSIBLE FINGERPRINTS AND INCRIMINATING TRACES OF HIS COLD-BLOODED CRIME, JOE ELLIS TOOK A THOROUGH, LAST LOOK ABOUT ...

CLEAN'S A WHISTLE! NO *PRINTS*...NO *TRACES*! I GOT IN LIKE A **GHOST**, AN' I'M GOIN' OUT TH' **SAME WAY!**

MEANWHILE, AT A NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE ...

HERE'S THE BOWL, SON! GO OVER TO BESSIE BREWER'S HOUSE IN A LICK, AND SEE IF SHE'S GOT SOME SUGAR TO SPARE!

OKAY, MOM!

IT TOOK ONLY ONE HORRIFIED GLANCE IN MRS. BREWER'S KITCHEN TO CONVINCE THE BOY THAT A HORRIBLE CRIME HAD TAKEN PLACE ...

MOMMIE, MOMMIE, SHE'S DEAD! MRS. BREWER'S DEAD! SHE'S **KILLED!**

THE SMITHFIELD POLICE, UNDER ITS CHIEF, ARRIVED MINUTES LATER...AND THE WHEELS OF JUSTICE TURNED!

MURDERED WITH A BLUNT INSTRUMENT! NO *BLOOD!* NO *PRINTS!* *MOTIVE*...PROBABLY ROBBERY! POOR MRS. BREWER HAS FED HER **LAST** *STRANGER*, BLESS HER!

I'VE GOT ALL YOUR NOTES, CHIEF! THE CORONER'S ON HIS WAY, AND WE'RE TAKING THE NECESSARY PICTURES!

THIS IS THE **ONLY** THING WE WERE ABLE TO FIND, CHIEF! I DON'T THINK IT BELONGED TO MRS. BREWER! IT'S A MAN'S SOILED SHIRT!

WELL, AT LEAST IT'S SOMETHING! WRAP IT CAREFULLY, AND TAKE IT TO HEADQUARTERS!

DAYS LATER, AFTER A FRUITLESS INVESTIGATION DISCLOSED NO OTHER CLUE THAN THE SOILED SHIRT, THE CHIEF VISITED THE MAYOR ...

THE TOWN IS AROUSED TO A DANGEROUS PITCH! YOU'VE **GOT** TO GET YOUR HANDS ON SOMETHING **TANGIBLE** PRETTY SOON, OR PUBLIC INDIGNATION WILL CONTINUE TO MOUNT!

WE'VE DONE OUR BEST, MAYOR! WE'RE CALLING TECHNICAL EXPERTS FROM RALEIGH HERE!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, JOHN BALTON, ACE POLICE TECHNICIAN OF THE RALEIGH FORCE, ARRIVED IN SMITHFIELD...

THAT'S THE STORY, BALTON! I HAVE TO ADMIT WE'RE STUMPED

THERE'S NO TRACE OF PRINTS ON THE HAMMER, AND IT'S A QUESTION AS TO WHETHER THIS SHIRT BELONGED TO THE KILLER! WELL, LET'S NOT WORRY ABOUT IT TOO MUCH! HOW ABOUT GOING OUT TO THE BREWER PLACE FOR A QUICK LOOK AROUND?

WITH A COMPACT EQUIPMENT KIT HANDY, TEST-TUBE DETECTIVE, JOHN BALTON, COMMENCED A MINUTE INSPECTION OF THE AREA SURROUNDING THE BREWER HOUSE ...

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR PRINTS... WE COULDN'T FIND ANY! HOWEVER, WE TOOK THE PRECAUTION OF PLACING SOME BOARDS OVER THE DIRT LEADING TO THE DOOR, JUST IN CASE!

GLAD YOU DID, CHIEF! FOOT-PRINTS ARE **DIFFICULT** TO DETECT IN HARD EARTH, FOR THE UN-PRACTICED EYE ... ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE, AS A MATTER OF FACT!

AH! VERY GOOD! HERE ARE A SERIES OF INDENTATIONS SHOWING THE OUTLINE OF SEVERAL PRINTS! THIS **MAY** GIVE US A CLUE, CHIEF!

LOOKS FOOLISH, EH? WELL, I'M SPRAYING A THIN COAT OF ***SHELLAC*** OVER THE AREA! IT'LL SERVE TO GIVE A HARD COAT FOR THE PLASTER CAST WE'LL TAKE NEXT! IT'S STILL A QUESTION IF THESE ARE THE KILLER'S FOOTPRINTS!

YOU KNOW, OLD-TIMERS USED TO ***SNICKER*** WHEN THEY MENTIONED TEST-TUBE DETECTIVES, BUT THEY'LL **NEVER** DO IT AGAIN!

WITH THE SHELLAC DRY, BALTON PLACED SUCCESSIVE COATS OF PLASTER-OF-PARIS OVER THE FAINT PRINTS, PLUS A THIN COAT OF OIL BENEATH THE FIRST LAYER OF PLASTER!

THERE! WE CAN LIFT THE CAST OFF NOW! THE LAYER OF OIL BETWEEN THE SHELLAC AND THE PLASTER SERVES AS A LUBRICANT WHEN REMOVING THE CAST, WITHOUT DAMAGING THE PRINT BENEATH!

I'M KEEPING FINGERS CROSSED, HOPING IT'S THE PRINT WE WANT!

BACK IN THE ELABORATELY EQUIPPED LABORATORY IN RALEIGH, BALTON KEPT ON WITH HIS SCIENTIFIC SLEUTHING, SLOWLY, BUT SURELY, POINTING AN ACCUSING FINGER AT THE UNKNOWN KILLER!

THEY'RE THE ***KILLER'S*** PRINTS, ALL RIGHT! BETTER TAKE NOTES. SHOE SIZE--AROUND 10½ D! KILLER WALKED WITH A ***LIMP,*** DUE TO INJURY OF THE LEFT FOOT... A SPRAINED ANKLE, PROBABLY!

ANY ***SPECIFIC*** REASON FOR PRESUMING IT WAS AN ANKLE INJURY AND NOT A PERMANENT DEFORMITY OR SICKNESS?

WITH THE TRAINED MIND OF A SCIENTIST, BALTON EXPLAINED HIS THEORIES ...

BY COMPARING ***THIS*** PRINT WITH THE PRINT OF THE RIGHT FOOT, WE FIND THIS LEFT PRINT IS VERY ***FAINT...*** AND INCLINED TO FLEX *INWARD!* IN OTHER WORDS, THE KILLER TROD VERY ***TENDERLY*** AND PAINFULLY ON HIS LEFT FOOT, PLACING THE ENTIRE FOOT ON THE GROUND!

IF IT WERE A DEFORMITY OR A DISEASE, THE **TOE** WOULD BE EMBEDDED *DEEPER,* AS IS NATURAL WHILE WALKING! BUT THIS MAN RESTED MOST OF HIS WEIGHT ON HIS RIGHT FOOT!

THE SOILED SHIRT WAS NEXT SUBJECTED TO A RIGOROUS EXAMINATION ...

JOT THIS DOWN... CHEMICALLY TREATED SHIRTS SHOWED **NO** PRINTS! STRANDS OF *HAIR* TO BE EXAMINED NEXT, FROM COLLAR! WE'LL GIVE IT THE *ULTRA-VIOLET* TREATMENT UNDER A MICROSCOPE AND CHECK FOR USE OF ***NARCOTICS!***

I'M ANXIOUS TO SEE THE NARCOTICS TEST, BALTON!

WITH AN ULTRA-VIOLET RAY GLARING DOWN FROM ABOVE AND A POLARIZING LIGHT PIERCING UP FROM BENEATH, THROUGH THE GLASS SLIDE OF THE 'SCOPE, **ANOTHER** PIECE OF EVIDENCE CAME TO LIGHT!

GETTING ***WARMER*** ALL THE TIME! THIS STRAND OF HAIR SHOWS A *GRAYISH-BLUE* TINGE...THE **SURE** SIGN OF A ***MORPHINE ADDICT!***

YOU CHECK THE STRAND OF THREAD NEXT, RIGHT?

A MINUTE STRAND OF ODDLY COLORED THREAD FOUND ON THE SHIRT, WENT UNDER THE TATTLING EYE OF THE MICROSCOPE ...

GET THIS! THE KILLER'S JACKET'S *BLUE*...MADE OF SOME CHEAP COTTON FABRIC! SOME OF THE STRANDS CLUNG TO THE DISCARDED SHIRT!

SO FAR, SO GOOD! WHAT NEXT?

A POWERFUL MAGNIFYING GLASS THEN DISCOVERED STILL ANOTHER STRAND OF THREAD ON THE SOILED SHIRT AND TIGHTENED THE NOOSE ABOUT THE KILLER'S NECK!

THERE WE ARE! THIS BOOK ON TEXTILE COMPARISON SHOWS US THIS 2nd STRAND OF THREAD IS CORDUROY... ***YELLOW CORDUROY***

THE KILLER WORE A *YELLOW CORDUROY* MACKINAW OVER HIS BLUE JACKET! CHECK! WE'RE GETTING WARMER ALL THE TIME...WE'LL GIVE THE SHIRT THE "SWEAT" TEST NEXT!

THE "SWEAT" TEST—AN IRREFUTABLE CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OF THE KILLER'S PERSPIRATION CLASSIFICATION! INCRIMINATING AND DEADLY!

WHEN THE *SALINE* SOLUTION IN THE TEST-TUBE HITS THE PIECE OF SHIRT...IT'LL PRODUCE A REACTION WHICH'LL GIVE US A CLUE AS TO THE KILLER'S ***PERSPIRATION*** AND HIS ***NERVOUS HABITS!***

WE'VE GOT HIM DEAD TO RIGHTS! THE KILLER'S A HIGHLY ***NEUROTIC,*** NERVOUS TYPE! THE REACTION IS PERFECT! YOU KNOW, WE HUMANS GIVE OFF SCENTS WITH *VARIOUS* REACTIONS, SUCH AS *NERVOUSNESS, FEAR* AND *ANGER!* ***ANIMALS*** SENSE THIS, BUT ***WE*** DON'T!

HIS TESTS COMPLETED, THE CRIME EXPERT SUMMED UP HIS FINDINGS IN AN ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE PATTERN OF LOGIC...

KILLER ABOUT 24 YEARS OLD... LIMPS ON ***LEFT*** LEG...EXTREMELY *NERVOUS* AND *SUSPICIOUS!* HIS DISCARDED SHIRT TELLS US HE'S ABOUT *5* FEET, *8* INCHES TALL...WEIGHS ABOUT *165*...WEARING A ***BLUE JACKET UNDER A YELLOW CORDUROY MACKINAW!***

...AND IS ADDICTED TO *MORPHINE!* SWELL...I'LL NOTIFY ALL HEADQUARTERS!

IN THE MEANTIME, ON A TRAIN HURTLING NORTHWARD ...
I NOTICED YOU LIMPING AS YOU CAME IN! WAR INJURY, I'LL BET!
OH... ER... YEAH! GOT A PIECE OF JERRY SHRAPNEL IN MY ANKLE... OVER IN FRANCE!
SUDDENLY, THE MUSIC FROM THE RADIO CEASED...
ATTENTION, EVERYBODY! HERE'S A DESCRIPTION OF THE BESSIE BREWER KILLER! MAN OF 24 YEARS... LIMPS ON LEFT FOOT... WEIGHS 185... 5 FEET, 8 INCHES TALL!
WH...? TURN THAT BLASTED THING OFF! I LIKE MUSIC!
HE'S WEARING A BLUE JACKET UNDER A YELLOW CORDUROY MACKINAW! IS BELIEVED TO BE A DOPE ADDICT! THIS MAN IS DANGER...
WHO WANTS TO LISTEN TO A BUNCH OF JUNK? I LIKE MUSIC!
KLIK!
WHY... TH... THAT'S HIM! THAT'S THE KILLER!
DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY... GET HIM!
HE'S GETTING AWAY!
STOP THE TRAIN!
BUT, BY THE TIME THE TRAIN CAME TO A STOP, KILLER JOE ELLIS WAS TEARING AND BEATING HIS WAY THROUGH HEAVY UNDERBRUSH ...
H-HOW'D THEY KNOW? (PANT... PANT...) WHO TOLD 'EM? NOBODY SAW ME LEAVE.. (PANT... PANT...) THEY'RE NOT GONNA GET ME!
SCRATCHED AND BRUISED, HIS CLOTHING IN RAGS, JOE ELLIS THUMBED A RIDE FROM A PASSING MOTORIST!
HOP IN, BUDDY!
THANKS, MISTER!
7

HOW FAR ARE YOU GOIN', BUDDY?
OH...ER...I DUNNO! AS FAR AS YOU CAN TAKE ME, I GUESS!
WE'LL GET SOME MUSIC... 'SMIGHTY LONESOME, TRAVELIN' THIS ROAD!
WH...? OH... YEAH! MUSIC! I LIKE MUSIC!
YOU'RE ALL SCRATCHED UP! BEEN IN A SCRAP OR SOMETHIN'?
Y-YEAH! SOME WISE GUYS IN THE LAST TOWN... JUMPED ME! THEY DON'T LIKE YANKEES DOWN HERE!
WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM TO BRING YOU A LATE REPORT: THE KILLER OF BESSIE BREWER HAS JUMPED OFF A TRAIN TRAVELING NORTH, ABOUT 20 MINUTES AGO. HE'S 24 YEARS OLD... WEARING A YELLOW, CORDUROY MACKINAW OVER A BLUE JACKET AND IS...
WHA...?
HEY, WHA'D YOU TURN IT OFF FOR?(U,U,R,)Y-YOU L-LOOK LIKE TH' GUY!
OKAY, WISE GUY! PULL OVER TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD AND MAKE IT SNAPPY, BEFORE I HAMMER YOU TO A PULP!
GET GOIN' BEFORE I FILL YA FULL OF LEAD!
S-SURE!
AN HOUR LATER, AT AN ISOLATED FARMHOUSE...
SAY, MISTER, CAN YA PUT ME UP FOR THE NIGHT? MY CAR'S ON THE BLINK 'WAY DOWN THE ROAD, AND I CAN'T GET HELP UNTIL MORNING!
SURE THING, SON! C'MON IN! YE'RE WELCOME TO ANYTHING WE GOT!

AS JOE ELLIS FELL INTO THE DEEP SLEEP OF EXHAUSTION ...
YE'VE GOT NO MORE BRAINS THAN A POSSUM, JEB! I'M TELLIN' YE THAT THAR FELLER'S TH' ONE THEY'RE HOLLERIN' ABOUT ON TH' RADIO!
MEBBE YORE RIGHT, MAW! HE SHORE DON'T LIKE MUSIC, OR NEWS! MADE ME TURN THE DANG THING OFF TWICE!
EFFEN HE WAKES UP AND SEES I'M GONE, TELL HIM I'VE GONE TO FETCH VITTLES!
GO AHEAD, WOMAN! I'M GOING TO GET MY SHOTGUN ... JUST IN CASE!
MEANWHILE, AT STATE POLICE HEADQUARTERS, THE LATEST NEWS WAS BEING SORTED AND MOULDED INTO A POSITIVE PLAN OF ACTION ...
IT ALL JIBES PERFECTLY! THE MOTORIST'S REPORT WOULD PLACE THE KILLER ABOUT HERE, AND IT'S ONLY 30 MILES FROM WHERE HE JUMPED THE TRAIN!
WE'VE GOT EVERY ROAD BLOCKED IN THE AREA, CHIEF! THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES ARE HELPING US THROW A CORDON AROUND IT!
I'M CERTAIN IT'S HIM, OFFICER! JEST HURRY UP THAR AFORE MY HUSBAND GETS A FOOLISH NOTION IN HIS HAID TO START TROUBLE!
THAT'S IT, BOYS! NOTIFY HEADQUARTERS THAT WE'RE SURROUNDING THE PLACE!
THE REPORT OF THE FARMER'S WIFE CINCHED THE CASE!
IT'S NO USE RESISTING! IF YOU DON'T COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS HIGH, WE'RE COMING IN SHOOTING!
TREMBLING WITH FEAR, HIS TORMENTED MIND AND BODY WRACKED BY A NEED FOR THE NARCOTICS WHICH GAVE HIM COURAGE, THE KILLER APPEARED TO FACE JUSTICE!
D-DON'T SHOOT, COPPERS! D-DON'T SHOOT!
TURN AROUND, AND PUT BOTH HANDS ON THE WALL OF THE HOUSE AND NO TRICKS!
AND SO JOE ELLIS, A COLD-HEARTED, BRUTAL KILLER, WAS BROUGHT TO JUSTICE! HE WAS CONVICTED AND SENTENCED TO SERVE FROM 30 TO 50 YEARS! JOE ELLIS LEFT A TRAIL OF DEATH ALWAYS FATAL TO CRIMINALS! FIRST, HE BROKE THE LAWS MADE BY CIVILIZED SOCIETY. AND THEN ... HE UNDERESTIMATED THE COLD, CALCULATING SCIENCE OF THE TEST-TUBE DETECTIVES!
THE END!

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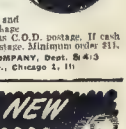

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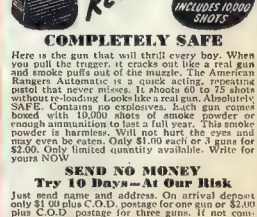

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WARREN WAYNE KILTZ

With aliases: Jerald Kelso, Gerald Wayne Kelsow, Bradford James Regan

DESCRIPTION

Age, 41, born December 12, 1906, Elgin, Illinois; Height, 5' 11"; Weight, 200 pounds; Eyes, blue; Hair, light brown; Complexion, light; Build, stocky; Race, white; Nationality, American; Occupations, carpenter, cabinet maker, painter, interior decorator, gardener; Scars and marks, left little finger deformed, left middle finger amputated, mole below left eyebrow; Peculiarities, fond of music, plays drums, very dressy; fond of horse shows and rodeos.

VIOLATOR SELECTIVE SERVICE

CRIMINAL RECORD

Warren Wayne Kiltz was arrested in Rockford, Illinois, for larceny; in Wichita, Kansas, for larceny, and once at Salem, Oregon, for larceny. In each instance he was convicted. An indictment was returned by a Federal Grand Jury at Portland, Oregon, on January 20, 1944, charging the subject with a violation of the Selective Training and Service Act of 1940, in that he failed to report for induction on or about December 6, 1943, as ordered by Multnomah County Local Draft Board No. 4 at Portland, Oregon.

Fingerprint Classification: O 31 W OOM AMP
O 32 W OOI 12

WILLIE COCHIN

With aliases: "Bubba", "Bully"

DESCRIPTION

Age, 42, born March 8, 1903, Greenville, Mississippi; Height, 5' 6"; Weight, 135 pounds; Eyes, brown; Hair, black; Complexion, dark brown; Build, medium; Occupation, farm laborer; Nationality, American; Race, Negro; Peculiarities, protruding upper teeth, characteristic, noticeable limp in left leg.

UNLAWFUL FLIGHT TO AVOID PROSECUTION FOR MURDER

CRIMINAL RECORD

A complaint was filed before a United States Commissioner at Clarksdale, Mississippi, April 12, 1945, charging Willie Cochin with violation of Section 408e, Title 18, United States Code, in that he fled from the State of Mississippi to avoid prosecution for the crime of murder.

Fingerprint Classification: (none available)

STANLEY RECZYNSKI

With aliases: Stanley Brezinski, James L. Prier, Stanley F. Shepard, James L. Pyrtes

DESCRIPTION

Age, 57, born April 17, 1891, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Height, 5' 9"; Weight, 150 pounds; Eyes, blue; Hair, brown; Complexion, medium light; Build, short with broad shoulders; Race, white; Nationality, American; Occupations, real estate operator, salesman; Peculiarities, follower of dog tracks.

FEDERAL RESERVE ACT

CRIMINAL RECORD

As James S. Prier, Reczynski has been arrested two times at Chicago, Illinois. An indictment was returned by a Federal Grand Jury at Chicago, Illinois, on July 25, 1928, charging subject, as Stanley Brezinski, with violation of the Federal Reserve Act, in that he did, on February 15, 1928 with intent to injure and defraud the Calumet National Bank of Chicago, unlawfully, willfully, knowingly and feloniously, aid and abet another to subversively embezzle a large sum of money.

Fingerprint Classification: (none available)

ESCAPE

JERRY looked at the tree above him where his parachute had caught in the branches, then down to the ground about eight feet below. The expression on his face plainly said that he didn't like his position one bit. This was Baluki country . . . where bands of savage headhunters would be only too happy to have his flaming red thatch decorating a pole outside the headman's hut.

He unsnapped his chest and leg buckles then shrugged out of the harness to land in a heap on a scratchy mat of saw grass. Around him the jungle sounds ceased as he grunted, then took up the chatter again when they became accustomed to the sound of a white man in a fur lined suit talking to himself.

Wiping the sweat from his face, Jerry said, "Too hot for these clothes. No sense hanging on to them . . . but never can tell . . . they might make a good bed." He stripped off the flying suit, then shinnied up the tree that had snared his descent and cut free his shroud lines. A few moments later he had the suit in a roll tied to his back. For a full five minutes he stood pouring over a small map trying to locate his position, then, sure he was headed in the right direction toward his base, started off through the jungle toward the west.

He didn't see the chalk-streaked face of the Baluki behind him, crouching in the brush, but he heard the twang of a bow, and the next second an arrow thudded into the roll on his back! Jerry didn't wait. He spun on his heels, ducking a possible second arrow and charged. The savage tried to reload, then dropped the bow and ran for it, but Jerry launched himself in a dive and hit him below the knees in a crashing tackle!

"Okay, pickle puss, just hold it or I'll break your neck!" The native didn't understand the language, but one look at Jerry and the feel of the fingers around his throat told him what he meant. With another piece of the nylon shroud line he trussed the hands and feet of the headhunter.

"I ought to knock your ears off for trying to ambush me, chum, but instead I'll let you stay here and have the bugs work you over while I get out of this crazy country!"

Jerry made sure the ropes would hold long enough to give him a start. It would be just too bad if this guy was with a band. They were like animals . . . you couldn't tell when you'd meet up with them. Right at this moment he might be surrounded. He shivered at the thought. But, if this guy were a lone operator, he could put a few miles between himself and this spot before the guy got loose and went for help.

At a trot he started through the maze of ferns and grass again, holding to what seemed to be an animal path. It wouldn't do to go wandering through the jungle aimlessly and get trapped in one of the countless bogs, and if this were an animal trail it was bound to end up at water. If he were lucky it would be a river he had seen from the air a few minutes before his engine conked out. He wished now that he had brought along a gun as the chief had suggested.

A half hour later he had to slow to a walk. It was too hot to trot and the sweat running in his eyes blinded him temporarily. Maybe he was

lucky that it did, for he didn't see the root sticking out and tripped, falling to one side, just as the huge, squirming form of a python dropped from the tree above. The wicked head snapped around and waist thick coils searched for him, but Jerry wasn't having any. He stumbled blindly down the path as though the devil himself were behind him. After that every sound took on a new meaning, and his eyes darted from tree to bush, searching fearfully for any new danger.

The sun was low on the horizon when he smelled water. He almost shouted when the broad expanse of the river came into sight between the walls of the gorge that hemmed him in . . . but the shout died in his throat, for right at the edge of the river, seated around a smoking fire, were a band of Baluki, cutting off his escape! Their white painted faces were a horrible sight as they sat there with spears and bows lying beside them.

It was a hopeless situation, one that could turn a man's legs to jelly. The natives must have come across from the other bank, for lined up on the muddy bank were several crude canoes. Jerry tried to think, but it did no good. He couldn't go back, and he couldn't go through. If only he could steal a canoe!

He had it then . . . a way to get the canoe. These natives were the most superstitious people in the world, and if he could make them think . . .

Quickly, he untied the flying suit and donned it, then pulled on his helmet, jamming his goggles down over his eyes. Before he could change his mind and turn back, he started toward the band.

Eyes wide with terror and disbelief held the natives rooted to the spot as Jerry came slowly down the path, trying to see through misted goggles. Swinging his arms wide he had the bulky appearance of a bear walking on hind legs. He waved his arms, making grotesque motions toward the band and two of the natives ran screaming to the safety of the jungle.

But the test was yet to come. Would they let him get away with one of their precious canoes? A giant of a native stood up, his hands trembling. The others followed suit, pointing him out as the leader. Only a few more feet now and he could make it. Jerry was beginning to feel the effects of the stifling heat. His knees were rubbery and the sweat was pouring from him. He passed the band. Another ten feet . . . just a little further . . . a little . . . The heat was too much. He stumbled, and fell sprawling in the mud of the river bank.

Consciousness came to him slowly. He felt hands ripping off his flying suit . . . he heard the shout that went up as they pulled off his helmet and saw the mop of red hair. The grinning face of the headman leaned over him and pointed to his throat, then to the crudely fashioned blade of an ax.

Jerry screamed in fear, tried to move, but taut strands of jungle vines held his wrists and feet. Two of the headhunters rolled a dead log into the circle of gleaming bodies, then another pair started to drag him across the rough ground.

He kicked out furiously with his bound legs, catching one of them in the pit of his stomach, but the other jumped on him with the fury of a jungle animal. There wasn't much he could do with his hands behind his back, but he was determined to go out fighting. He lowered his head and butted the savage in his evil face, shoving his shoulder into his ribs. It was a futile gesture. In another moment they swarmed all over him, pushing and shoving until they forced his head on the chopping block.

Muttering in a strange tongue the giant native chief gripped the shaft of his ax in his hands and stood above Jerry. It was all over, he thought. Good try, kid, but you just didn't have the stuff. The ax went up, its blade gleaming dully. Jerry bit his lip to keep from screaming. Another second and that blade would bite deep into his neck and his head would hang from the native's belt. The ax went back, the native straining to make the blow a good one. His muscles tensed . . .

"Cut it!" the director shouted. "Okay, boys, that's all for today. Tomorrow we start on the next chapter of the serial, so be here on time. You, Pete, put down that ax and untie Jerry!"

THE END

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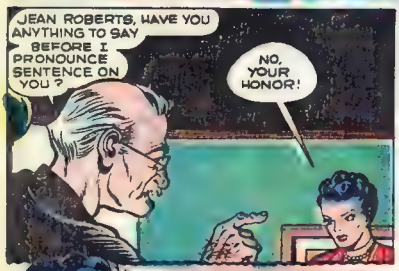
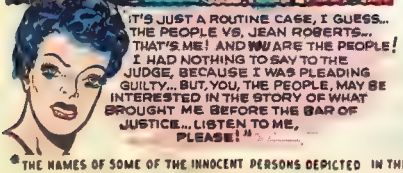
HEH! HEH! THERE'S NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN, FOLKS! LOOK AT THESE TWO, FOR INSTANCE! WHY—THEY WENT BACK TO THE GARDEN OF EDEN FOR THEIR INSPIRATION FOR CRIME—TO THE TIME WHEN EVE TOLD ADAM TO PICK THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT! A PERFECTLY LOVELY IDEA! IT'LL BE INTERESTING TO SEE HOW THEY MAKE OUT!
3027

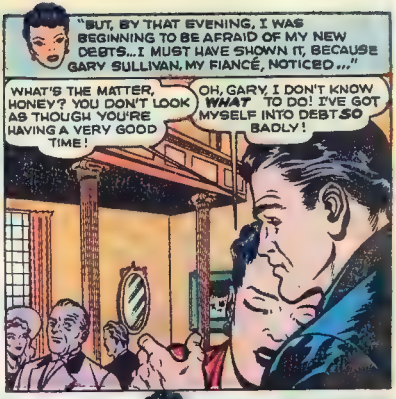



IT'S JUST A ROUTINE CASE, I GUESS... THE PEOPLE VS. JEAN ROBERTS... THAT'S ME! AND YOU ARE THE PEOPLE! I HAD NOTHING TO SAY TO THE JUDGE, BECAUSE I WAS PLEADING GUILTY... BUT, YOU, THE PEOPLE, MAY BE INTERESTED IN THE STORY OF WHAT BROUGHT ME BEFORE THE BAR OF JUSTICE... LISTEN TO ME, PLEASE!"

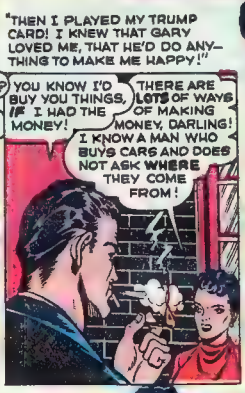
"THE TIME FOR TALKING IS PAST... AND IT'S TIME I DID SOME THINKING... THE THINKING I SHOULD HAVE DONE BEFORE I STARTED TRYING TO KEEP UP WITH WANDA McKAY AND HER CROWD!"
JEAN, LOOK AT THOSE NEW STYLES! LET'S GO IN AND BUY SOME THINGS!
OH, NOT TODAY, WANDA! I CAN'T AFFORD ANY NEW CLOTHES!
1

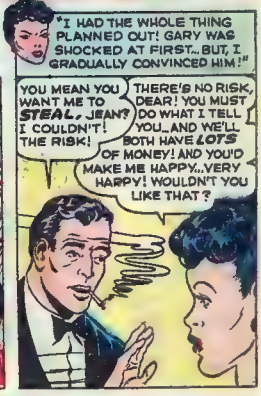
*THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE INNOCENT PERSONS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS IN ORDER TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY.

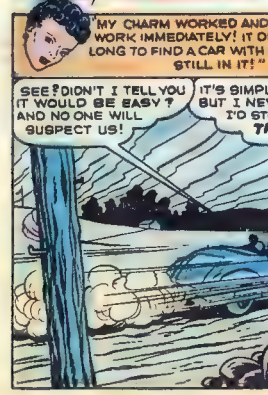
WELL, C'MON, SILLY! GET YOURSELF A CHARGE ACCOUNT AND PAY FOR THEM LATER!
BUT, WANDA!
"THAT'S THE WAY IT ALWAYS WAS... WANDA COULD TALK ME INTO ANYTHING SHE WANTED TO..."

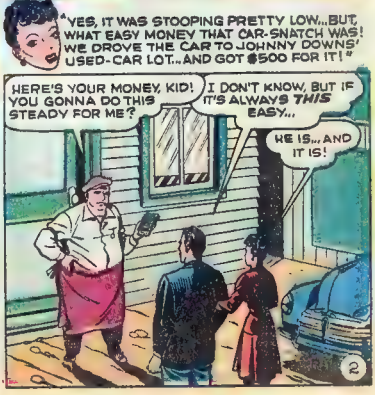

"BUT, BY THAT EVENING, I WAS BEGINNING TO BE AFRAID OF MY NEW DEBTS... I MUST HAVE SHOWN IT, BECAUSE GARY SULLIVAN, MY FIANCÉ, NOTICED..."
WHAT'S THE MATTER, HONEY? YOU DON'T LOOK AS THOUGH YOU'RE HAVING A VERY GOOD TIME!
OH, GARY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO! I'VE GOT MYSELF INTO DEBT SO BADLY!

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO LEARN YOU CAN'T KEEP UP THE SAME PACE AS PEOPLE LIKE WANDA AND HER FRIENDS?
GARY, DON'T LECTURE ME, PLEASE! DON'T YOU WANT ME TO HAVE PRETTY CLOTHES? IF YOU REALLY LOVED ME, YOU'D SEE TO IT, THAT I HAD NICE THINGS!


"THEN I PLAYED MY TRUMP CARD! I KNEW THAT GARY LOVED ME, THAT HE'D DO ANY-THING TO MAKE ME HAPPY!"
YOU KNOW I'D BUY YOU THINGS, IF I HAD THE MONEY!
THERE ARE LOTS OF WAYS OF MAKING MONEY, DARLING! I KNOW A MAN WHO BUYS CARS AND DOES NOT ASK WHERE THEY COME FROM!

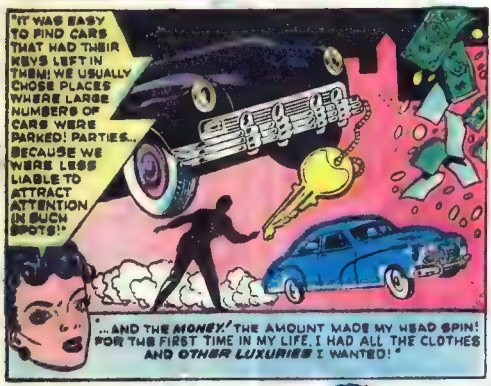

"I HAD THE WHOLE THING PLANNED OUT! GARY WAS SHOCKED AT FIRST... BUT, I GRADUALLY CONVINCED HIM!"
YOU MEAN YOU WANT ME TO STEAL, JEAN? I COULDN'T! THE RISK!
THERE'S NO RISK, DEAR! YOU MUST DO WHAT I TELL YOU... AND WE'LL BOTH HAVE LOTS OF MONEY! AND YOU'D MAKE ME HAPPY... VERY HAPPY! WOULDN'T YOU LIKE THAT?


"MY CHARM WORKED AND WE WENT TO WORK IMMEDIATELY! IT DIDN'T TAKE US LONG TO FIND A CAR WITH THE KEYS STILL IN IT!"
SEE? DIDN'T I TELL YOU IT WOULD BE EASY? AND NO ONE WILL SUSPECT US!
IT'S SIMPLE... SO FAR! BUT I NEVER THOUGHT I'D STOOP TO THIS!


"YES, IT WAS STOOPING PRETTY LOW... BUT, WHAT EASY MONEY THAT CAR-SNATCH WAS! WE DROVE THE CAR TO JOHNNY DOWNS' USED-CAR LOT... AND GOT $500 FOR IT!"
HERE'S YOUR MONEY, KID! YOU GONNA DO THIS STEADY FOR ME?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT IF IT'S ALWAYS THIS EASY...
HE IS... AND IT IS!

STOP WORRYING, GARY! WHEN JOHNNY FINISHES FIXING UP THAT CAR... NO ONE WILL EVER RECOGNIZE IT!
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, HONEY! AT LEAST, I HOPE YOU ARE! THIS WILL MAKE YOU AS WELL-DRESSED AS ANY OF YOUR FRIENDS!

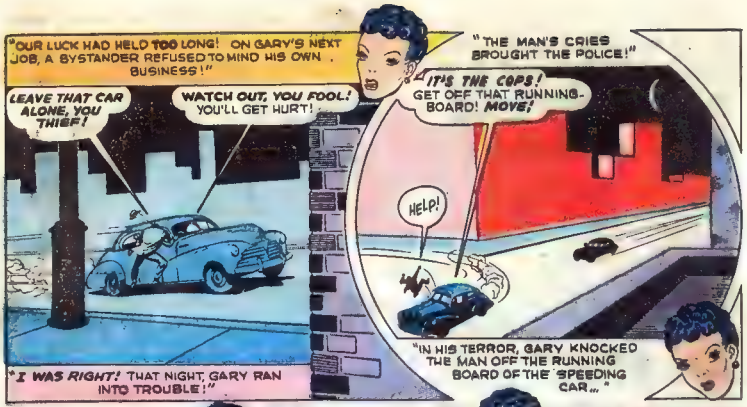
"WE WENT BACK TO THE PARTY, TO AVERT ANY POSSIBLE SUSPICION!"
SAY! YOU REALLY LOOK HAPPY, TONIGHT!
WANDA, MY UNCLE JUST GAVE ME A SMALL CHECK! LET'S GO SHOPPING TOMORROW!
"I WAS HAPPY! THE THOUGHT OF THE $500 IN GARY'S POCKET REMINDED ME OF ALL THE THINGS I COULD DO WITH IT!"


"IT WAS EASY TO FIND CARS THAT HAD THEIR KEYS LEFT IN THEM! WE USUALLY CHOSE PLACES WHERE LARGE NUMBERS OF CARS WERE PARKED! PARTIES... BECAUSE WE WERE LESS LIABLE TO ATTRACT ATTENTION IN SUCH SPOTS!"
"...AND THE MONEY! THE AMOUNT MADE MY HEAD SPIN! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, I HAD ALL THE CLOTHES AND OTHER LUXURIES I WANTED!"

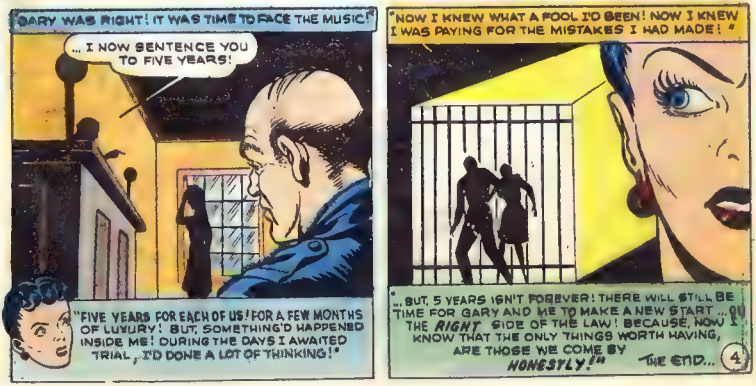
ANOTHER COAT, JEAN? I WISH I HAD A RICH UNCLE TO BUY ME SOME NEW THINGS!
DO YOU LIKE IT? JUST A LITTLE THING I PICKED UP!

"MY WOMAN'S INSTINCT SHOULD HAVE WARNED ME! SOMETHING WAS BOUND TO GO WRONG! EVERYTHING HAD BEEN GOING TOO SMOOTHLY! THAT NIGHT, WHEN GARY TOOK ME HOME..."
JEAN, I CAN'T GO ON THIS WAY! MY CONSCIENCE IS GETTING ME DOWN! I JUST CAN'T STEAL ANOTHER CAR!
WHY, YOU! YOU'RE GOING TO KEEP AT IT! DO YOU THINK I COULD STAND GOING BACK TO THE WAY I HAD TO LIVE BEFORE!

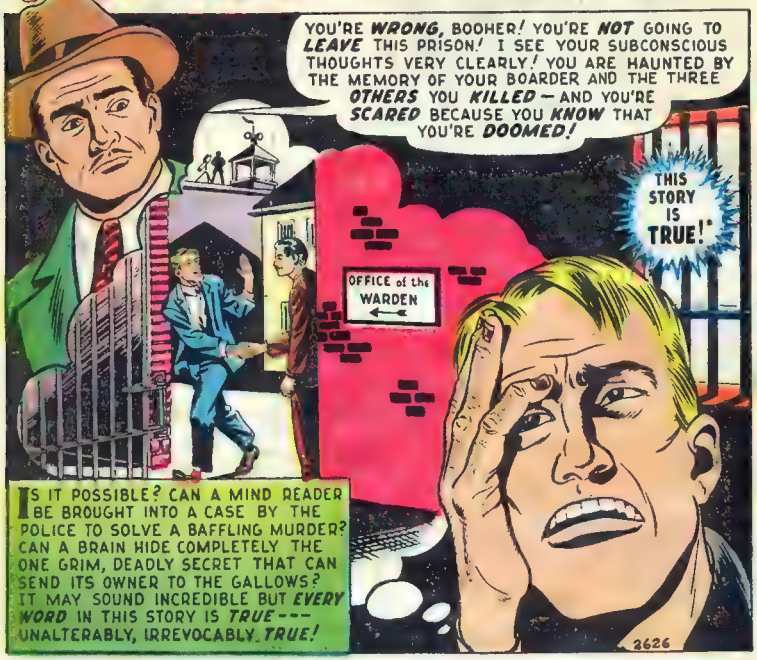
IF YOU DON'T TAKE CARE OF THAT JOB, WE PLANNED FOR TONIGHT, WE'RE THROUGH, SEE? AND I'M NOT KIDDING!
OKAY, JEAN... YOU WIN! YOU KNOW I'D DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, KID!
"CONSCIENCE WAS ONE THING I WASN'T BOTHERED WITH! ALL I THOUGHT ABOUT WERE THE THINGS I'D HAVE TO GIVE UP IF GARY STOPPED STEALING CARS! I HAD TO KEEP HOLDING MY HEAD HIGH WITH WANDA AND HER CROWD!"
3

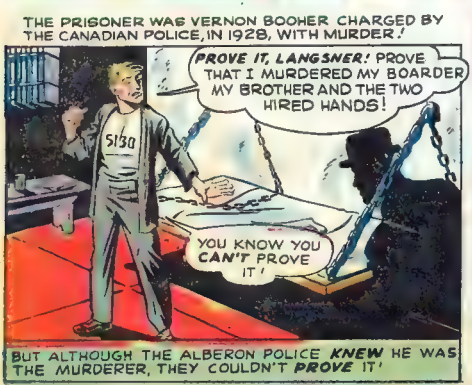

"OUR LUCK HAD HELD TOO LONG! ON GARY'S NEXT JOB, A BYSTANDER REFUSED TO MIND HIS OWN BUSINESS!"
LEAVE THAT CAR ALONE, YOU THIEF!
WATCH OUT, YOU FOOL! YOU'LL GET HURT!
"I WAS RIGHT!" THAT NIGHT, GARY RAN INTO TROUBLE!"
"THE MAN'S CRIES BROUGHT THE POLICE!"
IT'S THE COPS! GET OFF THAT RUNNING-BOARD! MOVE!
HELP!
"IN HIS TERROR, GARY KNOCKED THE MAN OFF THE RUNNING BOARD OF THE SPEEDING CAR..."

"I LEARNED ABOUT THIS, WHEN GARY, HIS CLOTHES TORN, CAME TO MY PLACE... HE'D MADE A GETAWAY... BUT HE WAS SCARED... SCARED STIFF!"
JEAN, I MAY HAVE KILLED THAT MAN! THE POLICE!
OH, GARY, I'M SCARED! WHY DID WE EVER START ALL THIS?
NOW I WAS SCARED, AND FOR THE FIRST TIME, I STOPPED FEELING SO SMART!"
GARY, IT'S ALL MY FAULT! I MADE YOU DO THIS!
IT MUST BE THE POLICE! I TRAILED ME HERE! WHAT'LL WE DO?
WHAT'S THAT?
OPEN UP!
"THERE WAS NO USE RESISTING! WE HADN'T BEEN AS SMART AS WE THOUGHT!"
WE HAD OUR EYES ON YOU FOR A LONG TIME!
C'MON, HONEY, LET US FACE THE MUSIC! FUNNY... BUT, I FEEL BETTER, NOW THAT THIS MESS IS ALL OVER!


GARY WAS RIGHT! IT WAS TIME TO FACE THE MUSIC!"
... I NOW SENTENCE YOU TO FIVE YEARS!
"FIVE YEARS FOR EACH OF US! FOR A FEW MONTHS OF LUXURY! BUT, SOMETHING'D HAPPENED INSIDE ME! DURING THE DAYS I AWAITED TRIAL, I'D DONE A LOT OF THINKING!"
"NOW I KNEW WHAT A FOOL I'D BEEN! NOW I KNEW I WAS PAYING FOR THE MISTAKES I HAD MADE!"
"... BUT, 5 YEARS ISN'T FOREVER! THERE WILL STILL BE TIME FOR GARY AND ME TO MAKE A NEW START ... ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE LAW! BECAUSE, NOW I KNOW THAT THE ONLY THINGS WORTH HAVING, ARE THOSE WE COME BY HONESTLY!"
THE END...

"MURDER OUT OF MIND!"


YOU'RE WRONG, BOOHER! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LEAVE THIS PRISON! I SEE YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS THOUGHTS VERY CLEARLY! YOU ARE HAUNTED BY THE MEMORY OF YOUR BOARDER AND THE THREE OTHERS YOU KILLED — AND YOU'RE SCARED BECAUSE YOU KNOW THAT YOU'RE DOOMED!
THIS STORY IS TRUE!*
OFFICE of the WARDEN
IS IT POSSIBLE? CAN A MIND READER BE BROUGHT INTO A CASE BY THE POLICE TO SOLVE A BAFFLING MURDER? CAN A BRAIN HIDE COMPLETELY THE ONE GRIM, DEADLY SECRET THAT CAN SEND ITS OWNER TO THE GALLOWS? IT MAY SOUND INCREDIBLE BUT EVERY WORD IN THIS STORY IS TRUE--- UNALTERABLY, IRREVOCABLY TRUE!
2626


THE PRISONER WAS VERNON BOOHER CHARGED BY THE CANADIAN POLICE, IN 1928, WITH MURDER!
PROVE IT, LANGSNER! PROVE THAT I MURDERED MY BOARDER MY BROTHER AND THE TWO HIRED HANDS!
5130
YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T PROVE IT!
BUT ALTHOUGH THE ALBERON POLICE KNEW HE WAS THE MURDERER, THEY COULDN'T PROVE IT!

BROUGHT INTO THE CASE BY THE DESPERATE PROVINCIAL POLICE OF ALBERON, WAS MAXIMILIAN LANGSNER, A MIND READER!
WHERE'S THE RIFLE, LANGSNER? WHERE'S THE BRITISH 303? THE ONLY THING THAT LINKS ME TO THE FOUR KILLINGS!
1

* THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE INNOCENT PERSONS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS IN ORDER TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY.

NO MIND READER WILL EVER ESTABLISH MY GUILT... AND TOMORROW, I'LL BE OUT OF HERE! OUT OF HERE AND FREE!
WE'LL SEE! THINK ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED! THAT'S ALL — JUST THINK ABOUT IT!

A MIND READER— AND A MURDERER— A STRANGE COMBINATION, INDEED! BUT THIS IS A STRANGE CASE— THAT OF A PERFECT MURDER— FLAWLESS IN PLAN AND EXECUTION! AND VERNON BOOHER DEFIED THE LAW TO PROVE HIM GUILTY—TO UNCOVER THE ONE PIECE OF EVIDENCE THAT COULD SEND HIM TO THE GALLOWS!

VERNON BOOHER BEGAN THE RECONSTRUCTION. HIS MIND WENT BACK TO THE NIGHT BEFORE THE KILLINGS...

I WISH I COULD BE SURE THAT CATHY ISN'T "UP TO MY LEVEL!" BUT OLD MRS. BROWN HAS BOARDED WITH US FOR YEARS, SINCE MOTHER DIED,—AND I GUESS SHE KNOWS BEST!

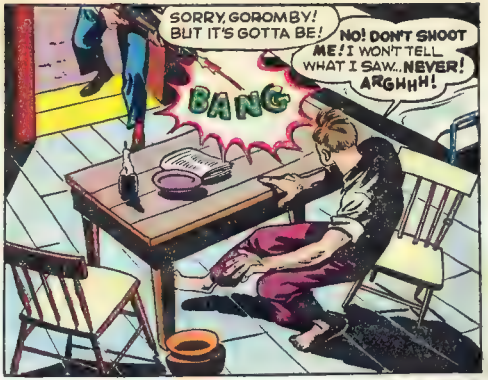
AT THE DANCE, A SHORT TIME LATER...

CATHY, PLEASE! I'VE GOT TO TALK TO YOU IN PRIVATE!
I'LL BE BACK, TIM! I WON'T WASTE MANY MINUTES ON VERNON! WAIT!
IT'S TOO LATE! YOU LET MRS BROWN COME BETWEEN US!
I DON'T CARE WHAT OUR BOARDER SAYS ABOUT YOU! CATHY!
I WANTED TO MARRY YOU!
A NAMBY-PAMBY BOY WITH NO MIND OF HIS OWN? I SHOULD SAY NOT! I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN, VERNON!
I DON'T WANT TO BE SEEN SPEAKING TO YOU IN PUBLIC; NAMBY-PAMBY!
NAMBY-PAMBY! ME?
AS THE WEEKS PASSED...
THERE'S ENOUGH WOOD TO FIRE THE COOKSTOVE FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS, MRS BROWN!
HOW THOUGHTFUL OF YOU, DEAR!
HE'S BEEN A WONDERFUL BOY, SINCE HE GAVE UP CATHY!
I COULD DO IT! I COULD FIX IT SO THAT I'M NO LONGER A NAMBY-PAMBY!
I COULD KILL HER! SHE TRUSTS ME... IT OUGHT TO BE EASY!
3

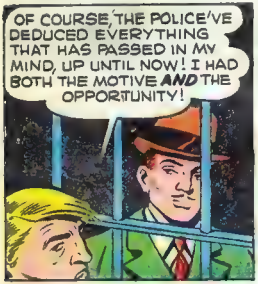
FOR A MINUTE, YOUNG VERNON INTERRUPTED HIS REVERY!
WELL, LANGSNER, HAVE YOU FOLLOWED ME? HAVE YOU READ THE THOUGHTS THAT LED TO MURDER! FOLLOW ME, NOW... ... NOW, WHILE I STEAL THE GUN YOU'RE ALL LOOKING FOR!
"IT'S SIMPLE! STEAL THE MURDER GUN FROM OLD HANK'S HOUSE...WHEN HE'S OUT IN THE FIELD... "
IT'S HANK.. COMING BACK!
CLUMP CLUMP
IF HE COMES IN THE HOUSE, I'LL HAVE TO KILL HIM!
CLUMP. CLUMP!
OLD HANK WILL NEVER KNOW HOW CLOSE HE CAME TO A BULLET IN THE HEAD!
THAT NIGHT, AFTER SUPPER...
YOU SET THE LAST POST, DAD! I'M GOING UP TO THE BARN TO WATER THE HORSES!
THEN...
NOW... WHILE SHE'S CLEANING STRAWBERRIES! THE SOUND OF THE SHOT WILL BE DROWNED BY THE HIRED MEN RUNNIN' THE TRACTOR!
IS THAT YOU, VERNON?
YES, MRS. BROWN./ IT'S NAMBY-PAMBY VERNON!
BANG!
4

MRS. BROWN! VERNON! WHAT'S WRONG?
GOOD SHOT! RIGHT THROUGH THE BACK OF THE HEAD!
I HEARD A SHOT, VERNON! WHAT'RE YOU DOING WITH THAT GUN?
SO, YOU HEARD ME, FRED?
I WASN'T ACTUALLY COUNTING ON KILLING YOU, FRED!
BANG! BANG
NO WITNESSES! HAVE TO HURRY. DAD WILL BE COMING IN FROM THE FIELD SOON! MUST HIDE THE GUN.!
'ALLO, VERNON! YOU GO HUNTING, MAYBE?
ROSYK, TH' HIRED MAN! HE'S SEEN ME WITH THE GUN!
WHAT YOU HUNT THIS TIME OF YEAR, HUH?
CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES...MUST MAKE SURE I KILL HIM WITH ONE SHOT!
I'M HUNTIN' WITNESSES TO MURDER, ROSYK!

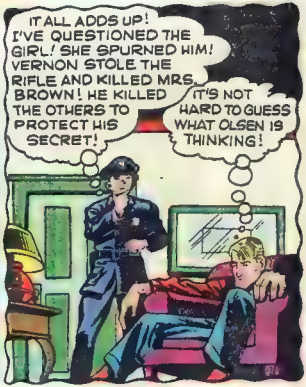
THE TRACTOR'S STOPPED RUNNING! GOROMBY, THE OTHER HIRED MAN, MAY HAVE HEARD THE SHOT! I'LL HAVE TO FIND GOROMBY AND KILL HIM BEFORE I HIDE THE GUN!

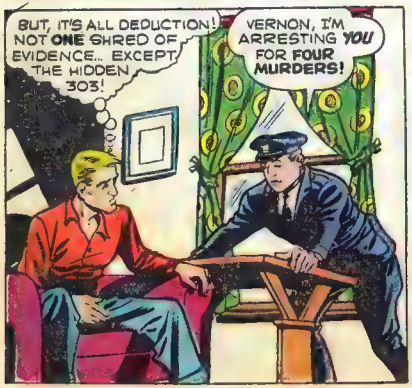


ONCE AGAIN, VERNON BOOHER INTERRUPTED THE BLOOD-SOAKED THOUGHTS OF HIS MIND! HE SPOKE TO LANGSNER...


OF COURSE, THE POLICE'VE DEDUCED EVERYTHING THAT HAS PASSED IN MY MIND, UP UNTIL NOW! I HAD BOTH THE MOTIVE AND THE OPPORTUNITY!

BUT, THE GUN, LANGSNER! WHERE'S THE ONE PIECE OF EVIDENCE THAT TURNS MERE SUSPICION INTO A CASE FOR THE STATE? SEE IF YOUR MIND FOLLOWS MINE NOW!


IT ALL ADDS UP! I'VE QUESTIONED THE GIRL! SHE SPURNED HIM! VERNON STOLE THE RIFLE AND KILLED MRS. BROWN! HE KILLED THE OTHERS TO PROTECT HIS SECRET!
IT'S NOT HARD TO GUESS WHAT OLSEN IS THINKING!



OLSEN PUT ME IN JAIL BECAUSE HE THOUGHT I'D CONFESS, LANGSNER! I WON'T EVER CONFESS! TRY TO FIND THE GUN... HA! TRY TO FIND IT BY READING MY THOUGHTS... HA, HA, HA!

IT OUGHT TO BE SAFE **HERE!** ... I'M SURE THE POLICE WON'T EVER FIND THE GUN **HERE!** THEY'LL **HAVE** TO BELIEVE I FOUND THE BODIES WHEN I CAME UP TO THE HOUSE AFTER WATERING THE HORSES!

WELL, HAS THE GREAT MIND READER, MAXIMILIAN LANGSNER, DUG OUT MY SECRET ? YOUR GIFT OF TELEPATHY MUST BE A **GREAT** ONE!

A GREAT ONE, INDEED, VERNON!

BECAUSE I SEE THE HIDING PLACE OF THE GUN **IN A CLUMP OF BUSHES NOT MORE THAN 200 YARDS FROM THE FARM HOUSE!**

NO!

A FEW HOURS LATER, AND A HUNDRED MILES AWAY FROM THE PRISON WHERE VERNON BOOHER WAS SECURELY LODGED...

AND YOU'VE **NEVER** BEEN IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY BEFORE? LET ALONE ACQUAINTED WITH THE BOOHERS?

NO, NEVER! I MERELY SAW THIS SPOT IN VERNON'S THOUGHTS!

YOUR RIFLE... WITH BOOHER'S FINGERPRINTS, I IMAGINE! YOU NOW HAVE YOUR CASE AGAINST THE MURDERER OF FOUR!

AND SO ENDED ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST AMAZING ***TRUE*** CRIME STORIES! IT SEEMS THAT FATE WILL EVEN USE A MIND READER IN ORDER TO PREVENT A CRIMINAL FROM ESCAPING JUSTICE!

LATER... BOOHER HAD JUST COMPLETED HIS CONFESSION...

SCIENCE ADMITS, BOOHER, THAT CERTAIN TRAINED AND SENSITIVE MINDS ARE CAPABLE OF READING THE CONCENTRATED THOUGHTS OF OTHERS AND... UNLUCKILY FOR YOU, I HAPPEN TO BE ONE OF THOSE RARE INDIVIDUALS!

THE END

AMAZING! NEW!

ELECTRONIC JUKE-BOX BANK

Now You Can Get a KICK out of Saving!

LIGHTS MAGICALLY!

WHEN COIN IS INSERTED

HERE is the most remarkable bank ever offered to the public. Imagine getting a bank that looks and works like a *real Juke Box*. It's great fun to insert coins from pennies up to quarters and watch the Juke Box Bank MAGICALLY LIGHT UP just like a real Juke Box would. Made of colorful plastic and metal, beautifully hand painted. Makes saving a pleasure.

only $1.69

1. Pull plunger all the way out
2. Place coin in slot provided
3. Push plunger all the way in
4. Watch it magically light up!

SEND NO MONEY

Just send name and address. Pay postman $1.69 plus a few cents postage on delivery or send a check or money order, we pay postage. Inspect the Juke Box Bank for five days. If not delighted, return it and your money will be cheerfully refunded. Send your order NOW.

SEND NO MONEY

SHAR-LEE CO., 425 W. Superior St., Dept. B Chicago, Ill.

Send me the Electronic Juke Box Bank on 10 day trial at only $1.69 each. I may return within 10 days for full purchase price refund.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

☐ I am enclosing $1.69. Send Juke Box Bank Prepaid.

Sensational Light-It-Write Combination

CONSTELLATION BALL POINT PEN AND CIGARETTE LIGHTER

You Get BOTH In ONE

For Only $1.98 Post Paid

CIGARETTE LIGHTER the "light" that never misses!

BALL-POINT PEN the "write" that never fails!

A Pocket Pal... Or Purse Companion

Two modern pocket essentials . . . a ball point pen and a handy cigarette lighter. We've taken ***both*** and cleverly encased them in a single streamlined shaft of gleaming, golden chrome. **THE PEN:** That wonderful new ball point principle that's taken the country by storm . . . now ***perfected*** and ***improved*** to offer you ***greater writing perfection.*** Never skips . . . never blots! One jiffy-refill cartridge gives many, many months of silky-smooth writing. **THE LIGHTER:** A simple flick of your thumb, and ***flash***—there's a perfect flame every time. Ideal for cigarettes or pipes . . . also a handy emergency torch for dark rooms. **TOGETHER**—They're a peach of a pair for only $1.98—and if you don't think you've bought a double value after you see your thrilling twosome—we'll refund your money ***cheerfully!***

Send No Money

Order today! Pay postman $1.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. Or send $2.00 and we pay postage. If not delighted return in 10 days for refund.

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept PL15

HERE'S REAL "BIG SHOT" FLASH!

Men's Genuine STERLING SILVER "The New Yorker"

Personalized INITIAL RING Only **$3.98**

With TWO SPARKLING SIMULATED DIAMONDS

Now you can have a massive *Sterling Silver* ring with YOUR OWN GOLD PLATED INITIAL and two gleaming simulated DIAMONDS at our amazingly low price! Actually compares in appearance with rings selling from $75 to $50 higher. Now you can appear to be as prosperous as many bankers and big city playboys who wear similar rings selling for hundreds of dollars. Why pay a fantastic sum? Order your own "personalized" initial ring now. Makes an ideal gift, too!

SEND NO MONEY! Just send name, address and ring size. (String or strip of paper will do) Then pay postman only $3.98 plus 20% fed. tax and few cents postage. Or send $4.78 and we pay postage. ACT NOW! Return in 10 days for refund if you don't agree it's the best ring buy you have ever seen.

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, INC., 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept IR33

AMERICA'S GREATEST JUNIOR TYPEWRITER VALUE!

famous *Simplex* **PORTABLE TYPEWRITER**

Only **$2.98** Post Paid

A KEY FOR EACH LETTER

It's Fast! It's Easy! It's Efficient! It's Accurate!

Sturdy Steel Construction

PERFECT FOR SCHOOL WORK... ...IDEAL FOR SMALL BUSINESSES!

Yes, it's back again . . . but only in limited quantities! We've managed to obtain a limited number of these fast, efficient typewriters that we can offer ***you*** at a price you can't beat! Now, for only $2.98 you can enjoy the speed and accuracy of a Simplex Typewriter with new improved features:

- ★ **Automatic Inking Operation**
- ★ **An Individual Key For Each Letter**
- ★ **Jiffy Spacing Bar**
- ★ **Shifts From CAPITAL to SMALL LETTERS**

Hey Kids! . . . . like to make a big hit with teachers and get better grades in school? It's easy when you turn in neat, accurately typed papers. Don't delay a moment longer! Order your Simplex Portable Typewriter ***today*** and find out how much fun it is to do your homework the easy, time-saving way!

SEND NO MONEY

Merely clip ad and mail today. Then pay postman only $2.98 plus postage. Or send cash and we pay postage. If not delighted return untampered within 10 days for a speedy refund.

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. ST18

TALK-SING-PLAY WITH THE SUPER ROLEY HOME RADIO MIKE!

THROUGH YOUR OWN RADIO

Money Back Guarantee

ATTACHES TO ANY RADIO

Amaze and mystify your friends by talking about them over your own radio. Create and broadcast shows, commercials and "news flashes". Just flick the button on this professional, studio-type "mike" and you cut in instantly on any program, make believe you are on with big stars. It's loads of fun, and good training, too! This professional-looking switch-button "mike" comes complete with long insulated cord. Everything complete, ready to attach in minutes.

SEND NO MONEY Examine, use this wonderful microphone at home, without risk. Send no money, just name and address. On arrival pay postman only $1.98 plus postage, or send $2.00 with order and save postage. Order Today!

SEND NO MONEY EXAMINE FREE

SEYCO MIKE INC., Dept. ME120
230 Grand Street, New York 13, N. Y.

☐ Send Roley Microphone C.O.D., I'll pay postman $1.98 plus postage.
☐ I enclose $1.98 send postpaid.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

No C.O.D.'s outside U.S.A.

Make Your Own Records

SING! TALK! ACT! PLAY ANY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT!

ENJOY MAKING RECORDS IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME

MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS at HOME

Make records right in your own home by just singing, talking, acting, or playing a musical instrument into your own record player using a NEW HOME RECORD MAKING UNIT. This wonderful little unit records on the blank records furnished with your recording kit. No processing of the record required . . . just make your recording and it is immediately ready for playback. USE THE NEW HOME RECORD MAKER with any type of standard record player—hand winding, portable, radio-phono combination or electrical phonographs operating on either AC or DC.

EASY AS SPEAKING INTO A PHONE—NEEDS NO SPECIAL "RECORDING TECHNIQUE."

You get the complete unit needed to make recordings at home. Acoustic recording head, special recording needle, playback needles, 6 two-sided records (enough for 12 recordings), spiral feeding attachment and complete easy to follow directions. You don't have to wait to hear what your record sounds like. Immediately you can play your new record and give yourself, your family, and friends a thrill on the spot. Records can be played back on ANY phonograph.

SEND NO MONEY

Don't send a cent. Mail coupon and we'll send complete NEW HOME RECORD MAKER. C. O. D. for only $8.49 plus postage and C. O. D. . . .

. . . send $8.48 and we pay postage.

Additional blank records $2.00 per dozen (24 sides)

Amazing LOW Price only 8.49 COMPLETE

Recordograph Corp. of America, Dept. TE120
230 Grand Street, New York, N. Y.

Send entire RECORD MAKING OUTFIT, including 6 blank two-sided records.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman $8.48 plus postage.
☐ I enclose $8.49, send complete outfit postpaid.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

☐ Send additional blank records at $2 per dozen.

Amazing 16MM MOVIE PROJECTOR Bargain!

SHOW MOVIES OF YOUR CHOICE AT HOME

There's lots of fun for young and old with this new easy to operate 16mm hand-operated movie projector. Cost is low—enjoyment high. Pays for itself in the first week's fun. See the big shows or use home movies, but, enjoy the fun in your own living room. Grand for the kids. AC or DC. It's years of fun for only $6.98.

SMASH VALUE!

- Easy to operate
- All metal construction
- Uses ordinary electric bulb
- 50 Foot reel capacity
- Simple handwind operation

Send No Money

Just send name and address and we ship C.O.D. plus postage or send $6.98 and we ship postpaid.

$6.98 Complete

Catalog of film available—included free.

HURRY — AVOID — RUSH

SEND Today!

MAIL MART INC., Dept. PE 120
230 Grand Street, New York 13, N. Y.

☐ Send Projector C.O.D. I will pay postman $6.98 plus postage.
☐ I enclose $6.98, saving postage.

Name.....

Address.....

City, Zone, State.....

—IN THE RING

Butterfinger

CANDY...rich in dextrose

For Fun and Food Energy!

Covered with rich chocolaty coating over a crunchy honey-combed center of peanut butter and creamy caramel, it's no wonder that Butterfinger—rich in dextrose—is such a favorite. Try one today

Another **CURTISS** Candy
Also Makers of **Baby Ruth** Candy Bars

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